

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. XLI. No. 162

Copyright, 1910, by John Lane Company

AUGUST, 1910

EDWARD W. REDFIELD—LAND- SCAPE PAINTER BY J. NILSEN LAURVIK

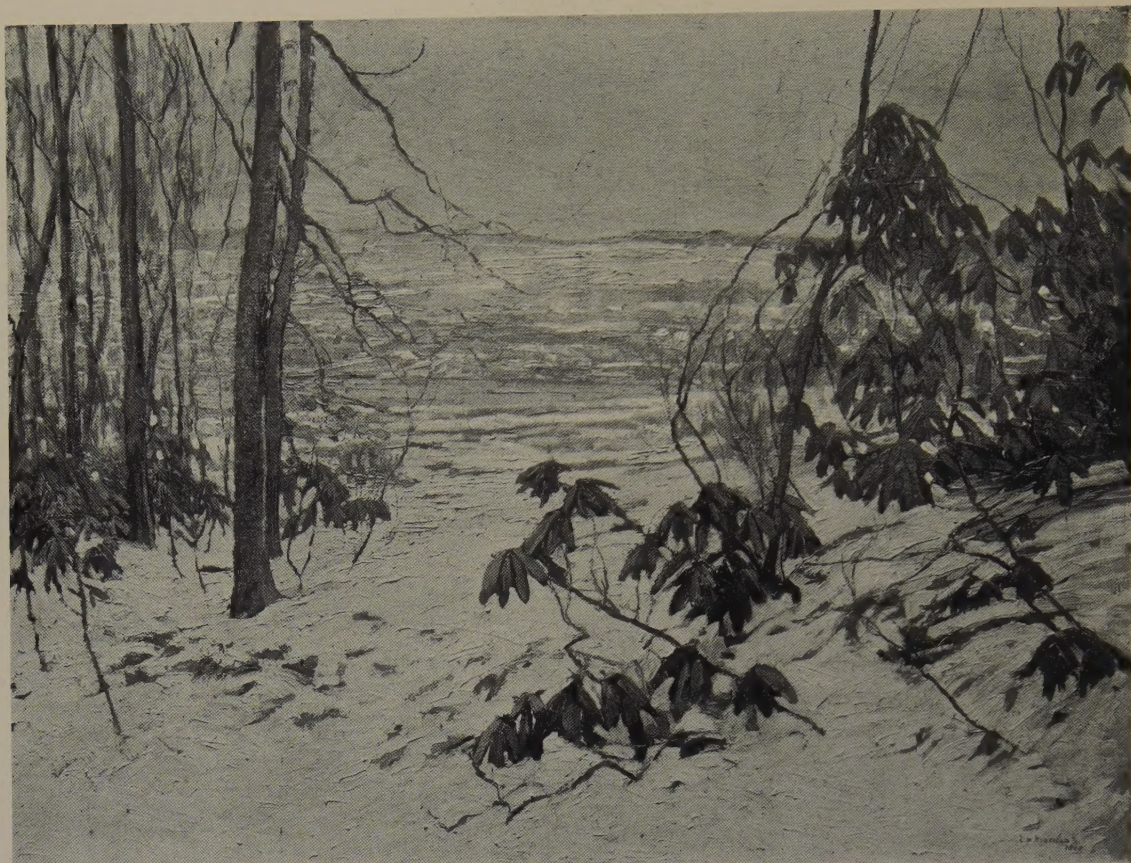
IN THE early days of realism when Courbet was preaching his invigorating gospel of a return to nature he laid great stress on the importance of the personal point of view, and nothing has contributed more widely toward an interesting and varied individualism in art than modern landscape painting. Bound by fewer conventions and less hampered by tradition than figure and portrait painting, the fine, manly art of landscape painting has drawn to it some of the best spirits, who have here found a rich field for the free expression of their diverse temperaments. And now and then even the most distinguished figure and portrait painters have not disdained to seek refuge in the Elysian Fields of landscape painting for their tired senses, jaded by long contact with the social banalities of their profession, adding a new vigor and freshness to their palette, and the landscapes by Rembrandt, Gainsborough and Sargent are not among the least notable contributions to this particular domain of art. It is, therefore, not at all surprising to find that the genius of American art achieves its most characteristic and truly national expression in landscape painting. While acknowledging its indebtedness to foreign models, in this as well as in all other branches of artistic endeavor, it cannot be denied that here America is in a fair way of winning artistic independence, and to-day its landscape painters need defer to no one.

Among the men who have done most to infuse an authentic note of nationalism into contemporary American art Edward W. Redfield occupies a prominent position. He is the standard bearer of that progressive group of painters who are glorifying American landscape painting with a veracity and force that is astonishing the eyes of the Old World, long accustomed to a servile aping of their standards. He is a rejuvenating force in our art,

the dominant personality of his circle, in whom is epitomized the emancipating struggle of the younger men. The leaders of this new movement, which is quickly changing the established current of American art, are Ernest Lawson, William Glackens, George Bellows, Edward W. Redfield, Elmer Schofield, Rockwell Kent and Gardener Symons.

Like the others of this energetic circle Mr. Redfield is a realist, who seeks out and depicts with uncompromising, searching strokes the specific, visual aspects of a scene. His power of literal rendition of any particular place is amazing in its topographical veracity. He presents glimpses of nature with all the actuality of a scene viewed through a window, in which his art is a direct antithesis to that of Whistler and his followers, which is nature viewed through a temperament. One is seldom if ever made conscious of the conventions of art in these luminous, stimulating landscapes; rather, the effect is one of stark reality, in which the accent of light and color is perhaps somewhat more vivid than in the original scene. While there is no mistaking a Redfield anywhere, his work is, nevertheless, very impersonal; it is not tinged by preconceived notions as to what nature is or ought to be; it is not colored by imaginative vagaries. His art is concrete and explicit, adhering with extraordinary fidelity to nature and natural phenomena. He makes no apologies for what he finds in nature, accepting her as she is, but not infrequently he apologizes for the inadequacy of his rendering of what he saw there. His work is highly objective. Always and everywhere his eye is on the ever-changing face of nature, noting the ever-varying aspects of sky and land, which he has recorded with unerring precision in a long series of brilliant, vibrating canvases.

This virile and thoroughly American painter was born in Bridgeville, Del., in 1868, of moderately well-to-do parents. At an early age he developed a love for art, which was encouraged by his parents, who sent the boy to the local academy, where he was instructed in free-hand drawing by a second-



HILL AND VALLEY

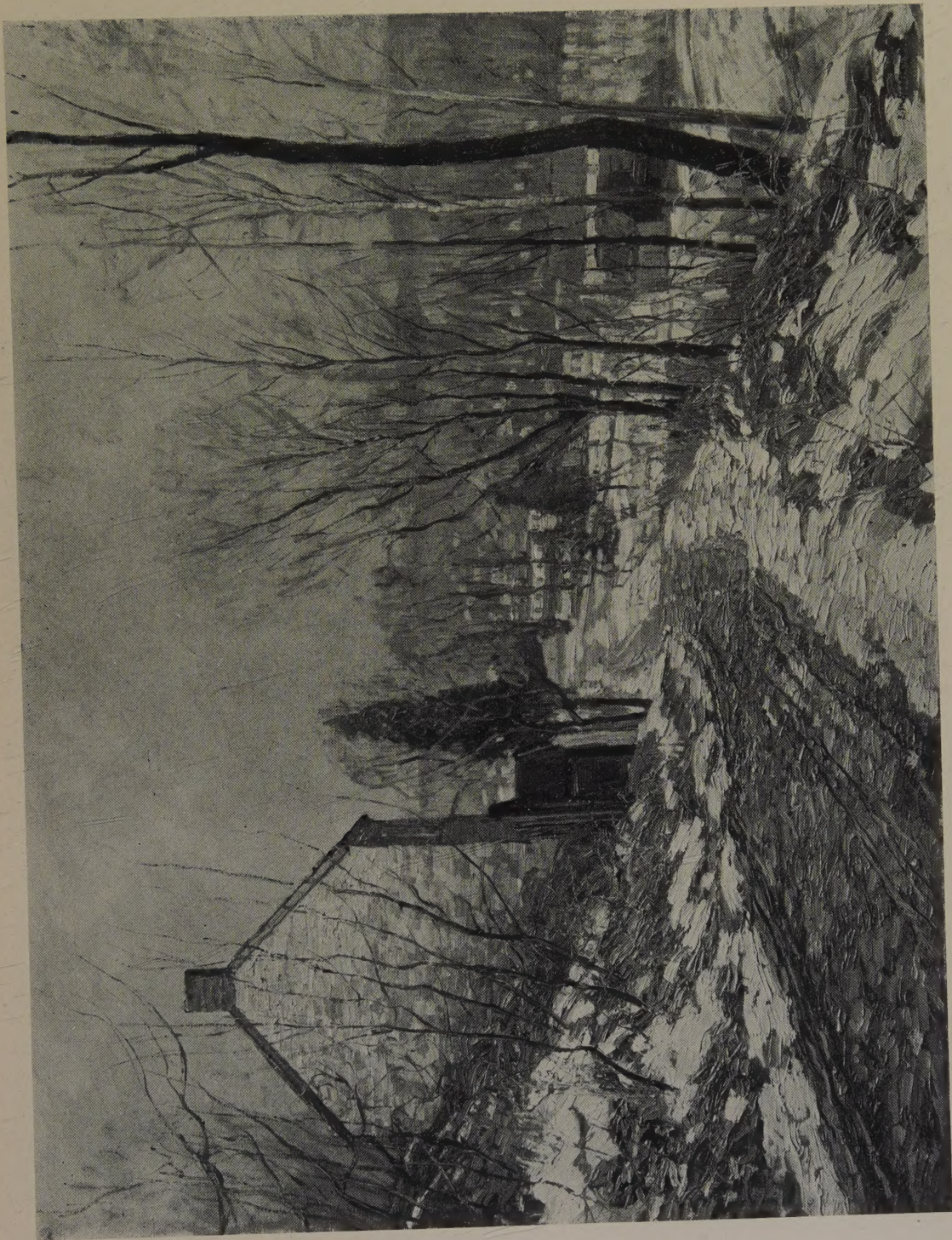
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

rate painter of local repute. He soon outgrew the possibilities of this little town, however, and it was not long before he found his way into the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, where his real work began. In the meantime his father's commission business had failed and it was only by the most persistent effort that the young man continued his art studies by selling the flowers that his father now started to raise. These were frugal, busy years for the young painter whose bright, boyish manner is still remembered by many as he came into town laden with flowers which he delivered to an ever-widening circle of customers. While he progressed steadily in the understanding of his *metier* he had not distinguished himself especially during his term in the academy. He was no precocious prodigy and it is doubtful if any one realized at that time that he was destined to become one of the foremost painters in America, whose work would receive general and substantial recognition before he had turned forty.

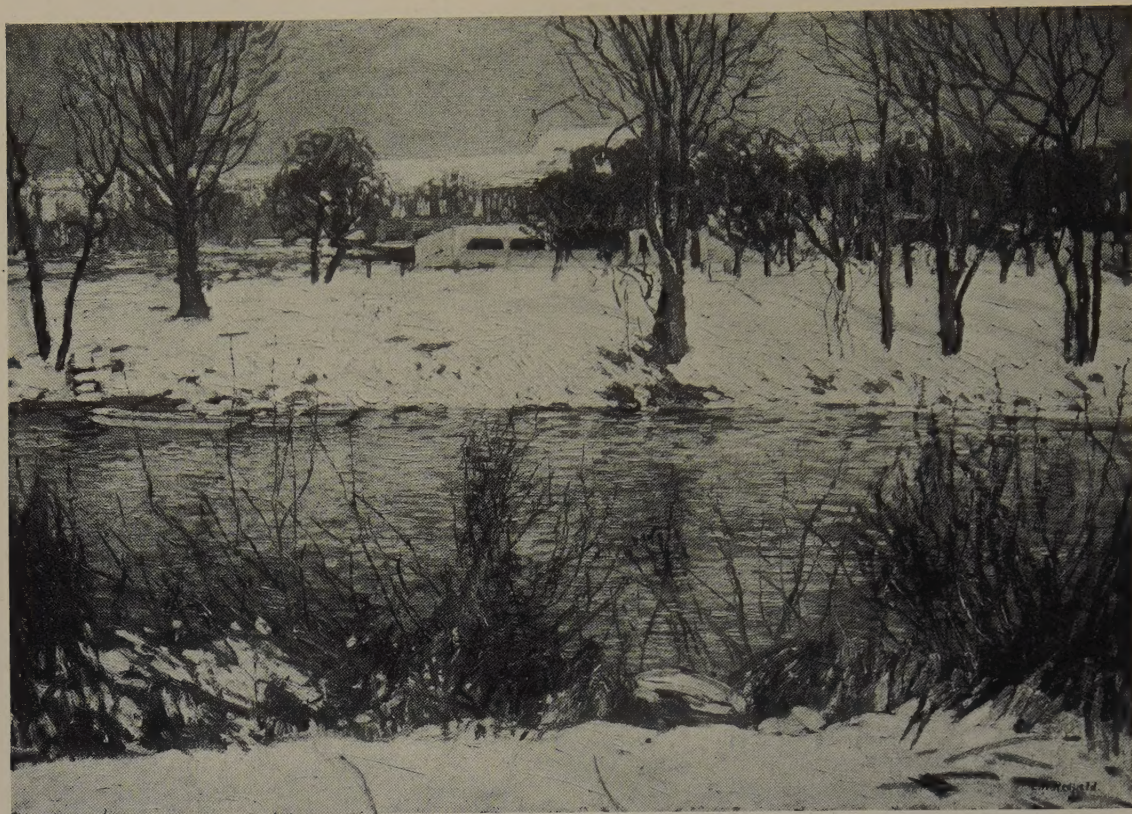
The development of his art has been equable and constant, but not until his return from France, some ten years ago, did he really find himself. Up

to that time he had been unable wholly to shake off the sterile, academic influence of Bouguereau and Fleury, with whom he studied in Paris. Despite the innate robustness of the man his work of this period is marked by a certain hard, dry soullessness that gives but a slight hint of his later work.

With his return to the Delaware Valley country, which he has made his home ever since, he made rapid strides toward the full and free expression of his personality. Thenceforth his work began to make itself felt as a new force in our current exhibitions by reason of its ever-increasing vigor and individuality. It was not long before this new note obtained for him marked recognition, and in 1896 the Art Club of Philadelphia gave him its gold medal. Four years later he was awarded a bronze medal at the Exposition Universelle in Paris, which was followed the next year by a similar honor from the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. Since then he has been the recipient of nearly every honor that it is in the power of this country to confer upon an artist, and he has received in quick succession the Temple gold medal of the Pennsylvania



THE ROAD TO CENTER BRIDGE
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD



DECEMBER

BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

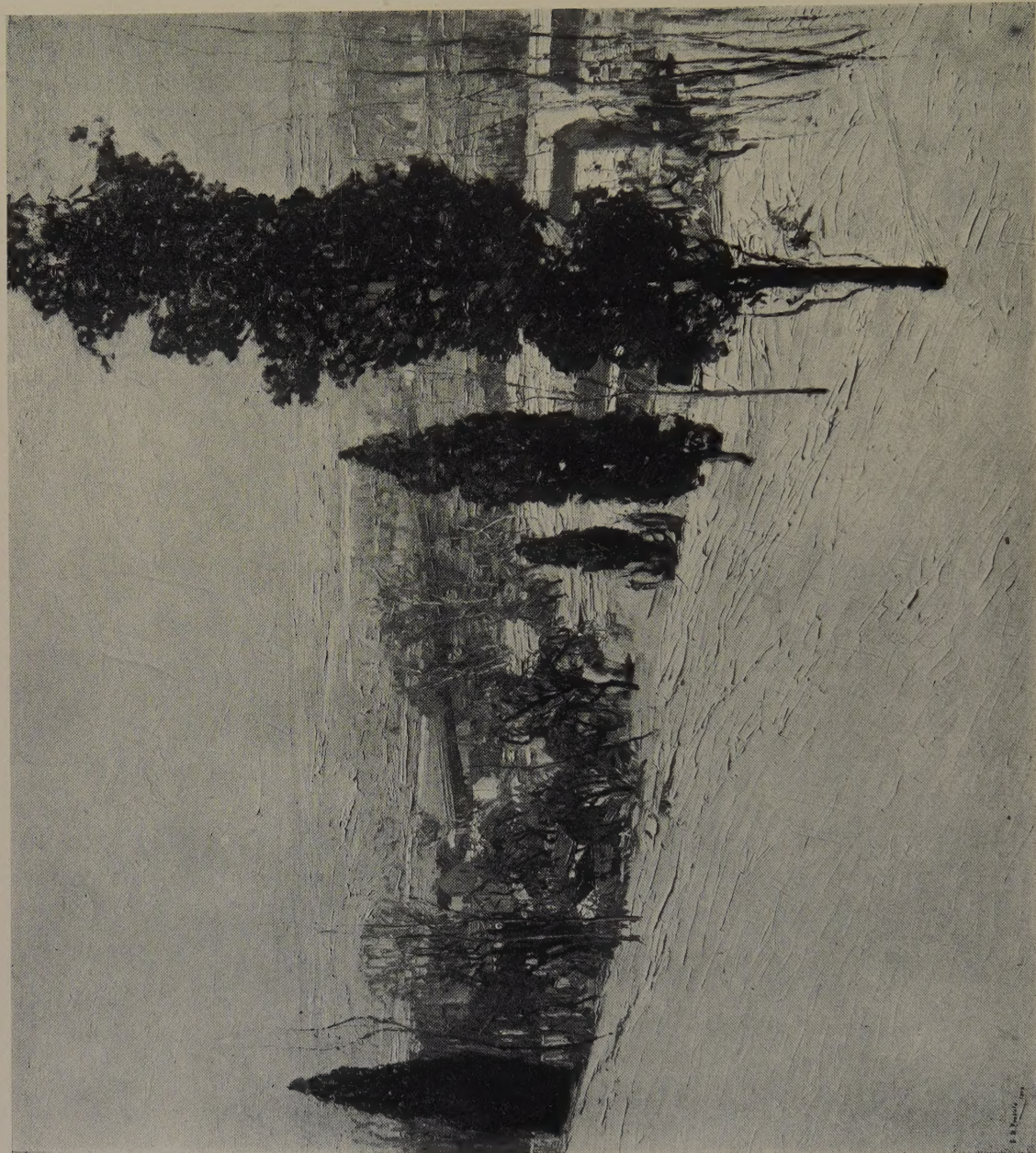
Academy, 1903, in which year he was also elected member of the Society of American Artists; in 1904 he was given the second Hallgarten prize by the National Academy of Design, besides being awarded the Shaw Fund prize by the Society of American Artists and a silver medal by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis; in 1905 the Pennsylvania Academy honored him again by giving him the Jennie Sesnan gold medal, while he received the Webb prize from the Society of American Artists and the silver medal from the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh in the same year; in 1907 he was awarded the Fischer prize and Corcoran bronze medal by the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, and from the Pennsylvania Academy he received the much-coveted gold medal of honor, which may be said to form the culmination of his career so far, unless one may regard the very recent purchase by the French government of one of his canvases for the Luxembourg as a higher distinction.

To-day Mr. Redfield, though only just turning forty, stands as the foremost exponent of a virile, masculine art that strongly reflects the times in

which we live. Winter is his most constant theme, upon which he plays many variations. No changing phase of an apparently monotonous subject escapes him; each is recorded with a keen eye for differences, as, for example, his suggestion of the dry, powdery snow in the canvas called *The White House* as compared with the soggy, wet, disappearing snow in *The Road to Center Bridge*, while in *The Red Barn* he has successfully presented the hard crust that covers the earth as in a steel jacket, cold and brilliant in color. Nor is it always the bright, scintillating aspects of winter that he renders most successfully, as is amply demonstrated by the subdued, solemn dignity of *Snow Bound*, showing a landscape muffled under its heavy blanket of snow that has a recent look while the air is still heavy with impending storm, the whole scene enveloped in a gray, leaden atmosphere that reveals an uncommon nicety of eye and hand. In some respects Mr. Redfield's art is related to that of the late Fritz Thaulow, who opened the eyes of the world to the beauties and pictorial possibilities of winter. However, he did not treat his subject with the absolute literalness of Mr. Redfield, who may



THE BRIAR PATCH
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD



CEDAR HILLS
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD



THE CANAL
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD



FOOTHILLS OF THE BLUE RIDGE

BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

well be regarded as the pioneer, in this country, at least, of the realistic painting of winter, in which field he has few equals to-day. From this season of the year he has learned the great lesson of simplicity, known of the Japanese, who also loved to depict the winter with its bare trees, its sharp horizons, its wide stretches of snow-covered ground, broken here and there only by a clump of weeds or protruding laurel which gives a certain dramatic intensity to an otherwise commonplace scene, as in the case of his *Hill and Valley* or fine, majestic *Cedar Hill*, both of which are distinguished by a large simplicity of design.

While the greater part of his work celebrates the glories of winter his whole output reveals a great diversity of subjects; one feels the lack of a formula—each canvas has the freshness of a first discovery. There is nothing flamboyant or rhetorical in his art. He neither epitomizes nor philosophizes, nor is his work touched with any of that dreamy and speculative hyperestheticism that is emasculating a section of our art. The fads and fancies, the frills and follies of the inner circle of the enemy worshippers at the pale shrine of art have no appeal for him. One misses in his work any striving after effect.

His color is fresh, alive and truthful, laid on with a crisp, trenchant touch that bespeaks a robust, masculine vigor. In his manner and method of painting his work is a reflection of the methods of the impressionists which he has adapted to his own uses. And while his art is intensely local in its subject matter his manner of treatment is thoroughly advanced and modern, expressed with an almost amazing virtuosity—which is, however, the final result of long, persistent effort to acquire complete control of his medium. He, like Monet and Kroyer, the great Norwegian impressionist, works almost exclusively out of doors, in the presence of his subject, and he usually completes a canvas at one sitting. His unrelenting industry, coupled with an unusual capacity for work during the winter months, is productive of a number of canvases that are certain to enliven and lend interest to all the annual exhibitions, which are not complete without a Redfield. His influence is making itself felt in our exhibition halls in a heightened sense of color as well as in an increasing number of painters who are taking winter as their theme. And it is to just such virile and thoroughly national work as this that we must look for that much-needed renaissance of American art.

Sir William Quiller Orchardson, R.A.

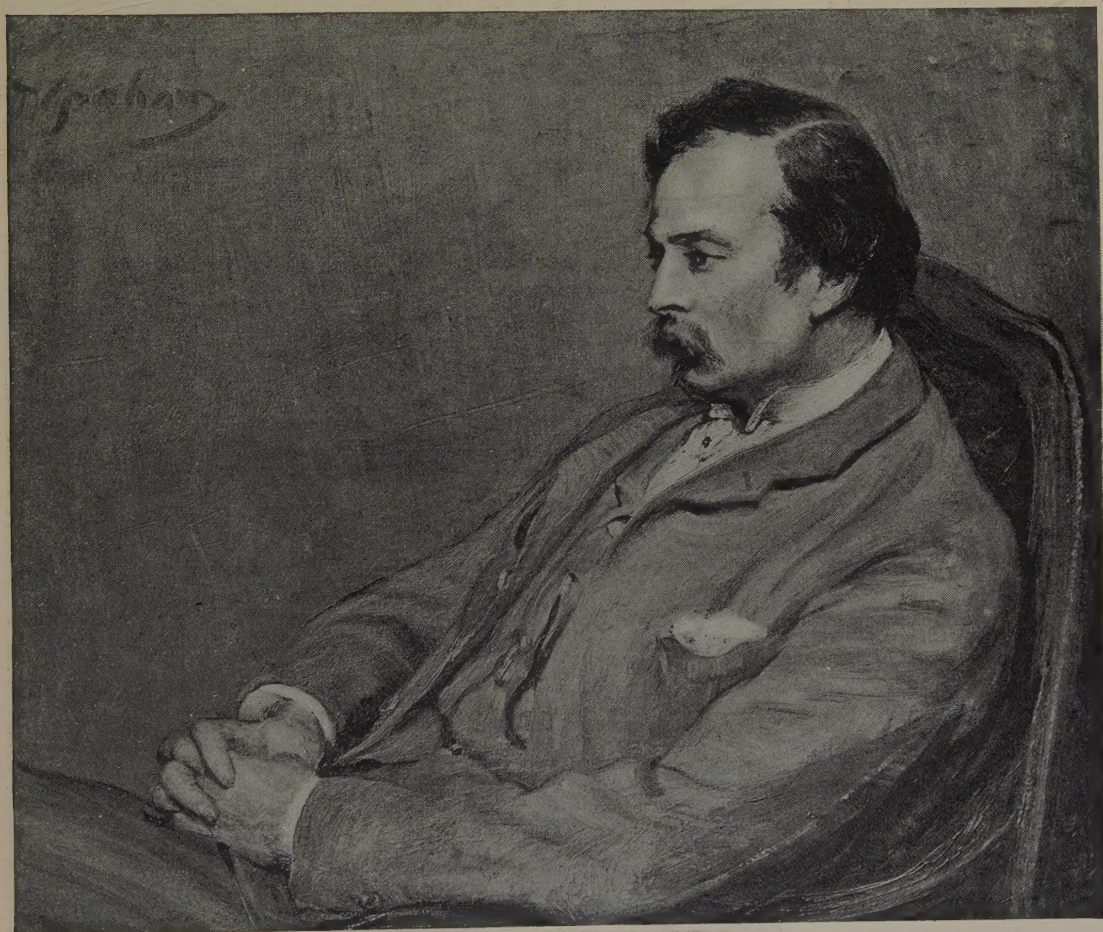
SIR WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A. BY A. LEICESTER-BURROUGHS.

By the death of Sir William Quiller Orchardson the world of art has lost a unique figure. His loss creates a void never adequately to be filled; certainly, never for those who, like myself, derive an enjoyment not short of rapturous from the contemplation of his works. Great men are with us, and other great men the future will give us, but Nature has broken one of her beautiful moulds, for she rarely, if ever, repeats her more magnificent designs. I think the passage of time will bring our loss very keenly home to us, as year by year we miss the accustomed pictures, so fine in conception, so full of thought, so consummate in their execution, and the noble and ennobling portraits of the men and women who are happy to go down to posterity recorded by such an exquisite hand.

It is difficult to imagine greater individuality than that which speaks from all the dead painter's canvases. Other great men have founded schools and have had hosts of followers, and in some cases the pupil has excelled the master. This is something unthinkable in the case of Orchardson, for it can be truly said that he, and he alone, could achieve those great results of his—by the means which he adopted.

Picture to yourself, for one moment, an "imitation Orchardson." Think of his tenuous subtlety translated into flimsy fatuity, his golden tones faded to vacuous browns and yellows, his dainty drawing reduced to indeterminate sketchiness! And this would almost certainly be the result of such an attempt to follow the master. His genius compelled him to use means for his ends which, described, would seem to be wholly incapable of such attainments as his.

It is not the least remarkable feature of his artistic personality that his pictures are admired so



PORTRAIT OF W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

BY TOM GRAHAM

Sir William Quiller Orchardson, R.A.

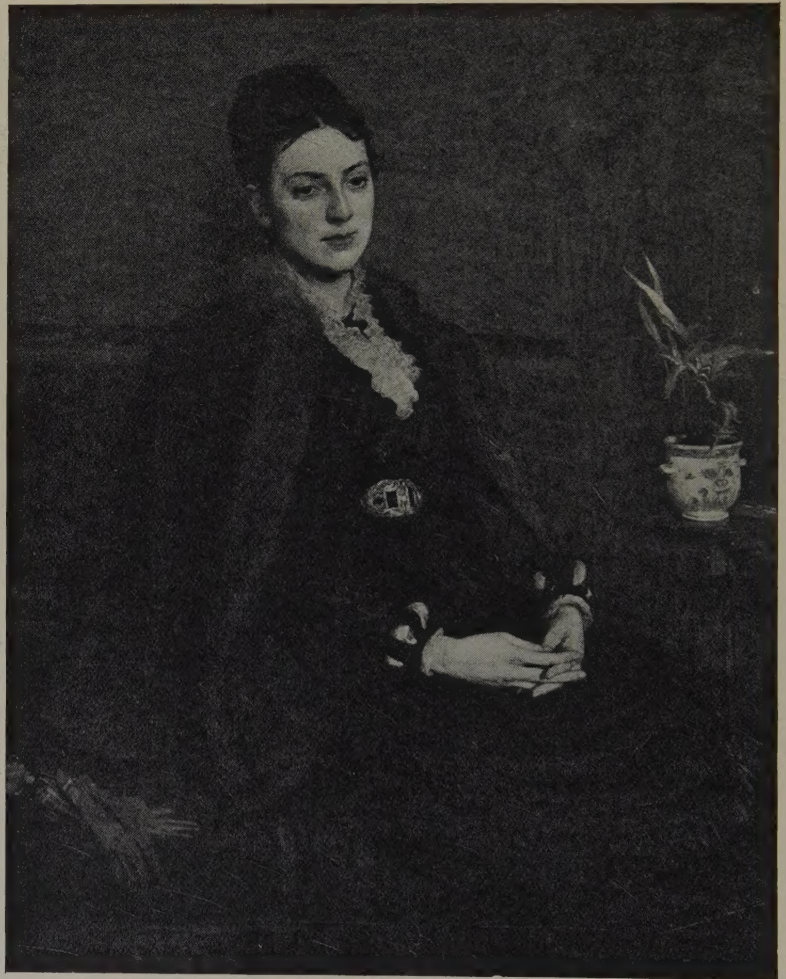
greatly by the multitude. And that this is so is not wholly to be explained by the fact that he chose often to portray scenes of a dramatic or sentimental order. Other men have painted broken gamblers, and bereaved husbands, and the like, but none of them seemed to possess the convincing qualities and dramatic intensity of the well-known works of Orchardson. So he carried the crowd with him to form a mighty army of admirers headed by the men of light and leading. Sometimes it has struck me as a little odd to hear the ecstasies of people other than artists called forth by his pictured roses, silver, and all the thousand-and-one familiar things the alchemy of his touch transmuted into gold. For after all his flowers were not so much roses as attar of roses, his silver and napery exquisite embodiments of all the beauty that such objects in the play of light could impart, rather than literal transcripts of the things themselves. His black—and to the painter "Orchardson's black" is a proverb—is not so much black as some rich sombreness that charms even in the midst of its solemnity. As a painter he stood as much apart from his fellows as his own Napoleon stands on the deck of the "Bellerophon." When I use the word "apart" it is one carefully chosen, for though this appreciation must be very largely a eulogy, I would not weaken my own advocacy by overstating my case. Other gods are in the temple, and to them let incense be burnt.

But Orchardson stood apart, alone, in the purely personal expression of his genius. So that I think posterity will cherish and guard his works with as jealous a care as ever before has been expended on the preservation of those of any painter.

To revert to my remark that he painted rather attar of roses than the rose itself, I would

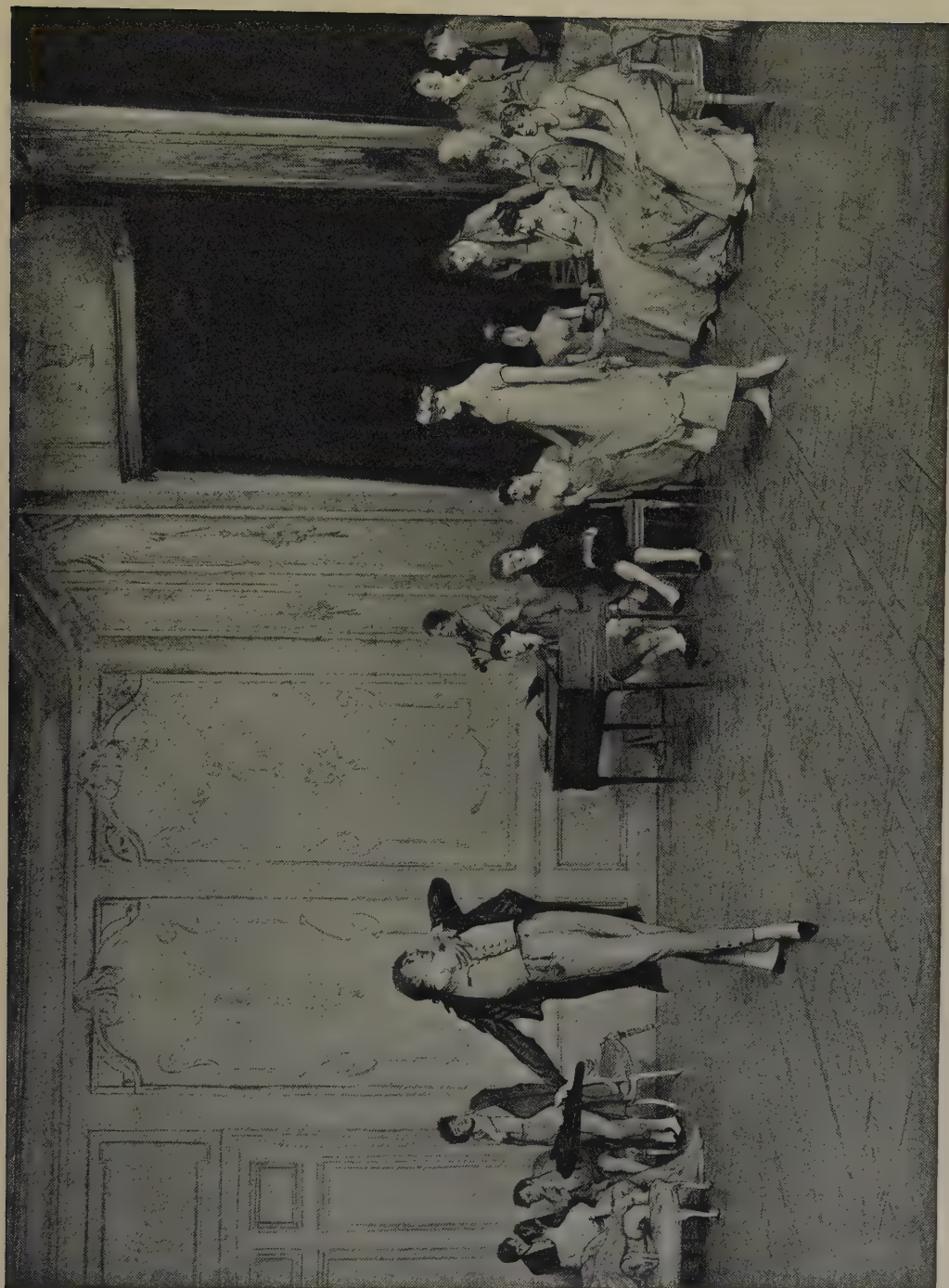
say that all the inanimate objects he put into his pictures were but the hinting helpers of his eclectic mind. And in this relation I am reminded of a story told me of him. He needed a stool of a particular colour for one of his pictures; only a small portion of this stool would be visible, as the remainder was obscured by drapery. Nevertheless that stool must be obtained, and after long seeking it in a multitude of shops, the thing was found and conveyed in triumph to the studio, where it was rapidly painted, or rather not it, but something quite different!

Yet that particular stool was the necessary key and clue to what he wanted. Paradoxical as the statement appears, it was an example of the extreme conscientiousness of the artist that he must expend so much trouble in finding the, to him, necessary material as it would have been to another who intended to make a literal trans-



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE

BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.



(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswells, owners of the Copyright and publishers of the large plate)

"HER FIRST DANCE"
BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

Sir William Quiller Orchardson, R.A.

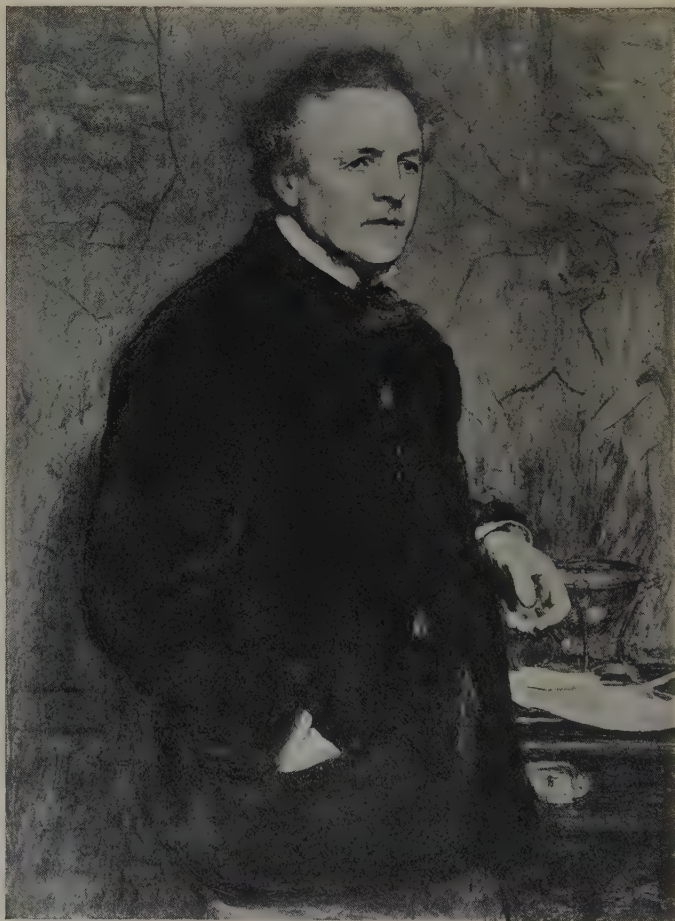
lation of it. And when, as I say, Orchardson glorified the common things about him, his was no purposeful perversion, no premeditated flattery. It might be said that to him there were no common things. Everywhere he saw some essential beauty, and if it was not there for grosser eyes than his perhaps sometimes his mind projected that beauty. It was his desire that every individual square inch of his pictures should be a gem in itself. He never "filled in" corners or spaces. The same sedulous care was given to his carpets as to his characters. I never read Keats's line from "The Eve of St. Agnes," which runs "And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon," but the colour of an Orchardson picture comes to my mind's eye.

One thinks of France in the pre-Revolution days when one looks at the master's works, not so much because he chose the period sometimes for his subjects, but because his pictures seem informed with the courtly grace and fastidious distinction which are associated with the men and women of that time. His brush, it might be said, moved to the music of a minuet.

It has been remarked that Orchardson was not a craftsman. It is possible to understand the point of view of the men who held that opinion, for he was a law unto himself. He had devised a craft of his own, and of that he was complete master. I believe a French critic recently said of Orchardson's works that he "wrote down" what he desired upon his canvas. With due modesty I must say that I think the simile a very apt one. I say with due modesty, for it is an expression I myself made use of, in familiar talk only, long ago. The well-known fact that all classes and creeds of artists, from the rigidly academic to the most erratic extremist, unite in admiring the work of the departed painter needs but recalling here; it has been stated on so many occasions. As a critic remarked some years ago, "he held out a hand to each (of the schools) which was cordially grasped by those to whom it was extended." Of all the great painters Britain

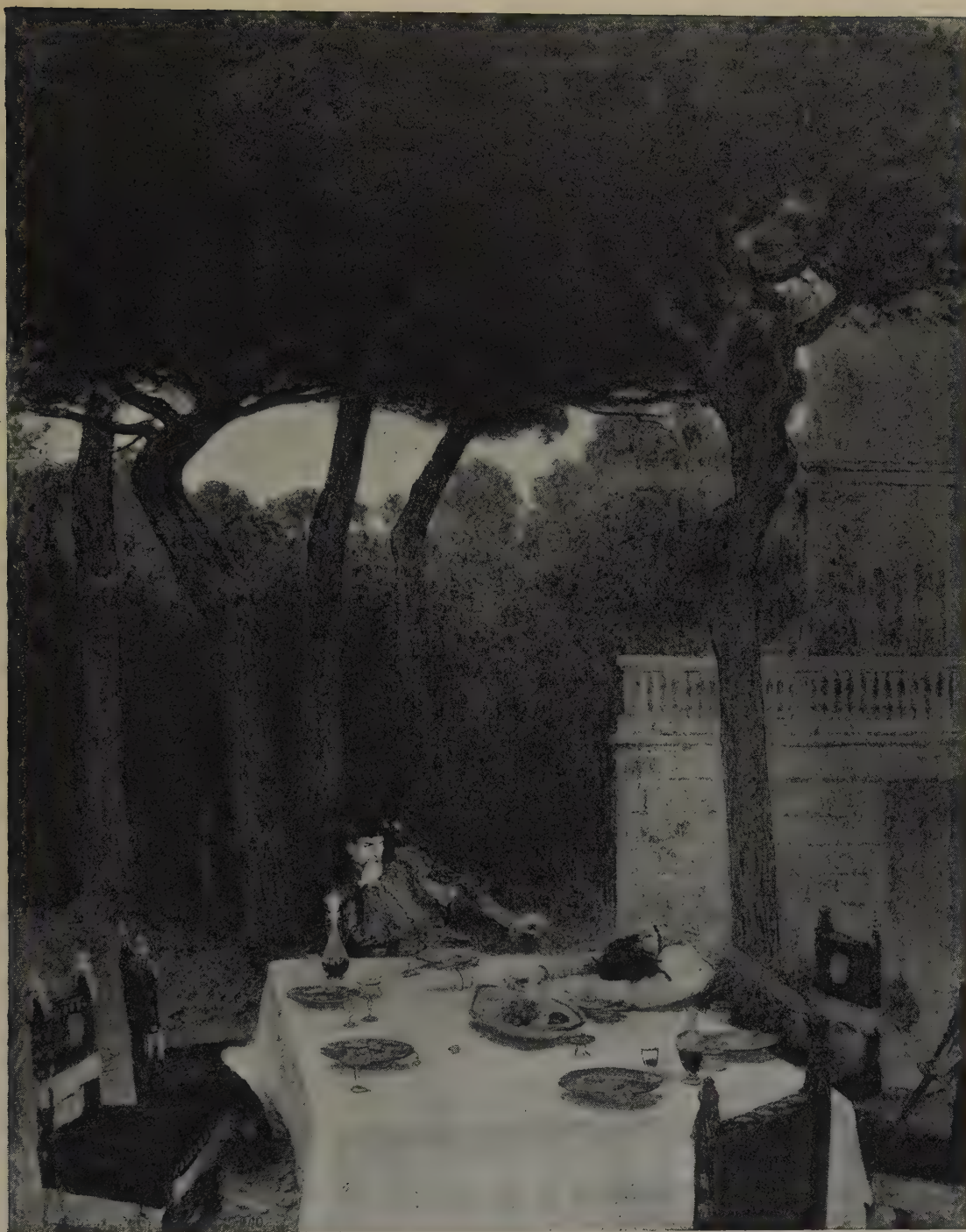
has produced the only one of whose work Orchardson's is in the least reminiscent was Gainsborough, and here it is more the essential quality of refinement inherent in the works of both than in actual execution, though of the latter there are occasionally traces of similarity. I believe Sir William placed Gainsborough very high indeed in his judgment of the old masters. One regrets that the painter of *The Borgia* never, so far as I know, painted a considerable landscape. I have been told that he said he meant to do so some day. That day, unhappily, was not to be, so we have no means of studying what would have been a very interesting point in connection with his similarity to Gainsborough—namely, whether his landscape work would have shown in any degree traces of resemblance to that of his forerunner.

Throughout the days when other great names filled the general ear, sometimes to the temporary drowning of all other sounds, when tempests raged against the merest hint of anything "literary" in



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES MOXON, ESQ.

BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.



(By permission of James Murray, Esq.)

"THE BORGIA"
BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

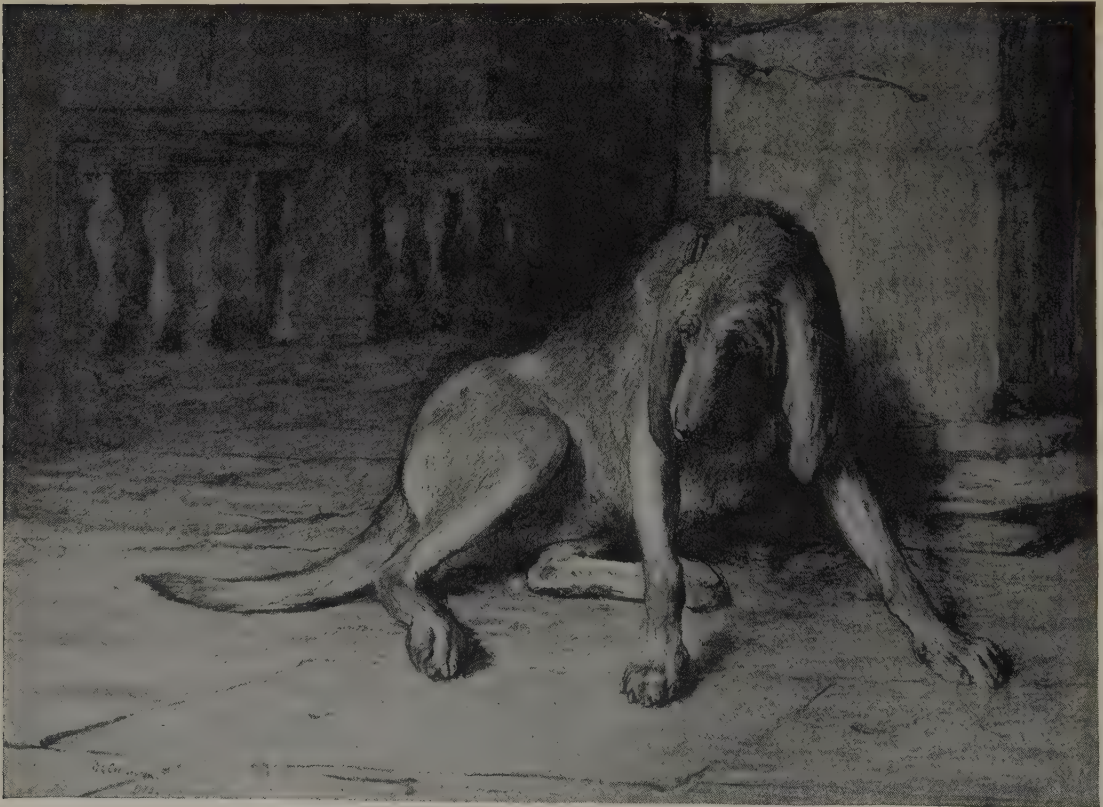
Sir William Quiller Orchardson, R.A.

painting, and lesser men trembled lest they had violated these fiercely formulated laws, Orchardson sat serene, secure upon his throne. In his work what there was of story was so welded with the qualities of colour, atmosphere, and execution that they formed one harmonious whole, each seeming the inevitable complement of the other. Yet while the two qualities were so intimately associated, the admirer of technique—the Gallio of literary things in art—could worship at the shrine of the painter almost undisturbed by the shocking fact that the picture really “meant something.” One conceives of Orchardson that in the first place an idea, a thought, a sentiment struck him with all its manifold possibilities—with the essential fitness for his brush—and having become convinced of the wisdom of his choice he “wrote it down.” He possessed the faculty in the very highest degree of forming his work complete in all its parts in his brain before transferring it to canvas. He never, or very rarely, altered a picture. He never got “into a mess,” as painters put it. One would describe him as an extremely rapid painter, more because of his unerring judgment than because his output was

considerable. This certainty of his enabled him to work in a way impossible to most men; a way, in fact, inadvisable for the less competent to attempt. For he would finish, if he felt disposed to do so, some light figure in a picture which was destined finally to contain a large and important mass of extreme dark, leaving the space to be occupied by that mass pure untouched canvas the while. Another man would very surely have found that when his dark mass had been completed the light-toned figure would be wrong in some respect, would need much alteration, perhaps entire re-painting. Not so Orchardson.

When he looked at his canvas the dark was there just where and how he meant it to be. With a certainty that was little short of magical he could cause it to appear in its predestined place. Other men—and great men, too—struggle with their pictures, altering, transposing, obliterating, and re-painting, but he held a straight course from the moment of his start, and winged his way with unswerving flight to his objective.

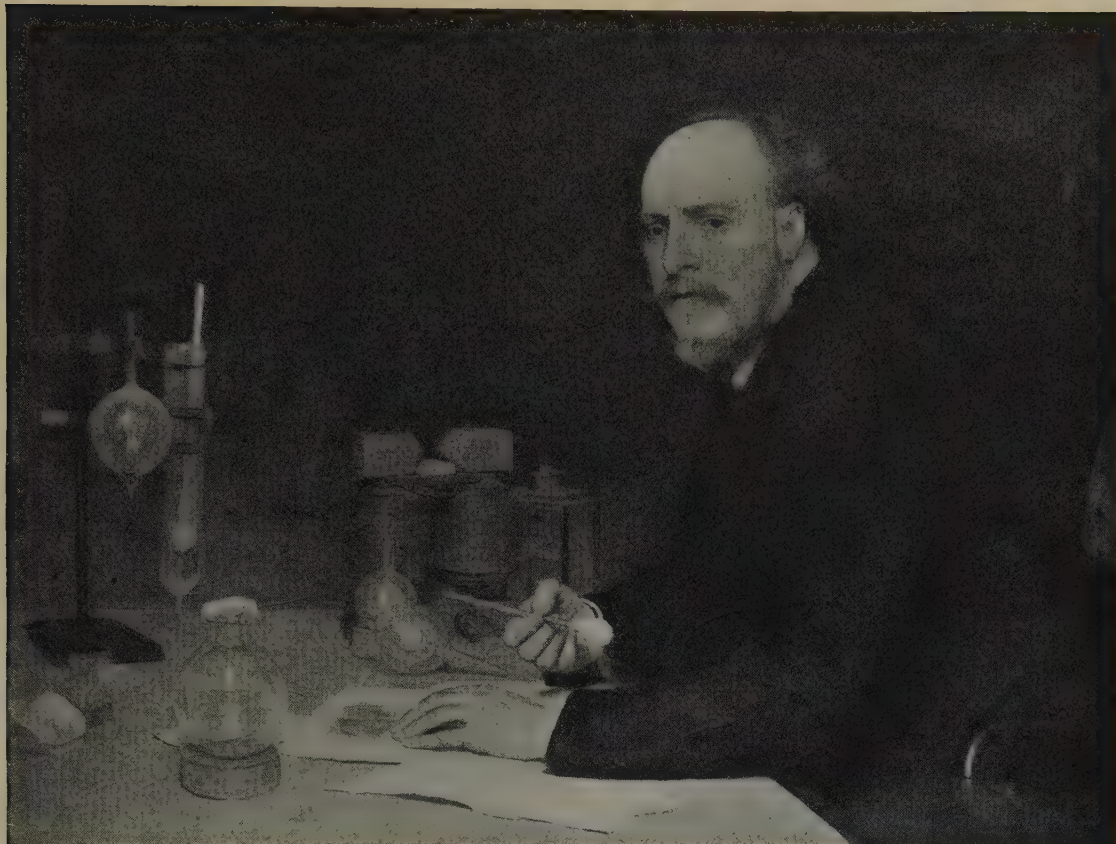
And here it may be interesting to quote from a criticism written in the year 1867, and note what



“REVELLER”

BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON R.A.

Sir William Quiller Orchardson, R.A.



PORTRAIT OF SIR JAMES DEWAR, F.R.S.

BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

(By permission of the Master and Fellows of Peterhouse, Cambridge)

was said of the subject of this article by a writer of that day. The "whirligig of time brings in his revenges," and certainly it is not without its entertaining side to read the judgment of "The Times" itself as delivered in those days. The notice is concerned with the Great French Exhibition, and the date of the newspaper is May 30th, 1867. It runs as follows: "The jurors have placed others of our school above him—namely, Mr. Calderon and Mr. Erskine Nicol; but Mr. Orchardson seems the most popular. He is a clever artist—so clever that it is not pleasant to say a word in his disfavour. . . . You will hear Frenchmen come into our Gallery and say with delightful dogmatism, 'The English cannot paint. There is but one picture here—*voilà*.'"

This "one picture" is *The Challenge*, with which the painter carried off the prize of £100 at Mr. Wallis's French Gallery in, I think, 1864. Of this work the writer in "The Times" goes on to say: "It is a thin picture, thin in subject, thin in treatment, but painted with that ready knack which the French admire, and which they call *chic*."

Writing in "Scribner's Magazine," in 1896, the late Cosmo Monkhouse (critic and poet) says of *Christopher Sly*, shown at the French Gallery in 1866: "The refinement of his humour was again displayed in *Christopher Sly*." But it is a far cry from 1867 to 1896, and what was spoken of by a poet as "refined" at the later date was stigmatized as "vulgar" by the earlier writer. "Vulgar in subject" (oh, William Orchardson and William Shakespeare, ye sinned in company!) and "vulgar in treatment."

Now, of all the words of tongue or pen, the one word "vulgar" is that which describes most thoroughly the antithesis of Orchardson.

Refinement, it cannot too often be stated, was the keynote of his work, and was not a quality he developed, but one with which he started. That he developed his capacity for expressing his refinement is altogether another matter. So that it is a little amusing that the critic should have shot his arrow so very wide of the mark.

If I have not made any special effort to be analytical in this article it is because its subject

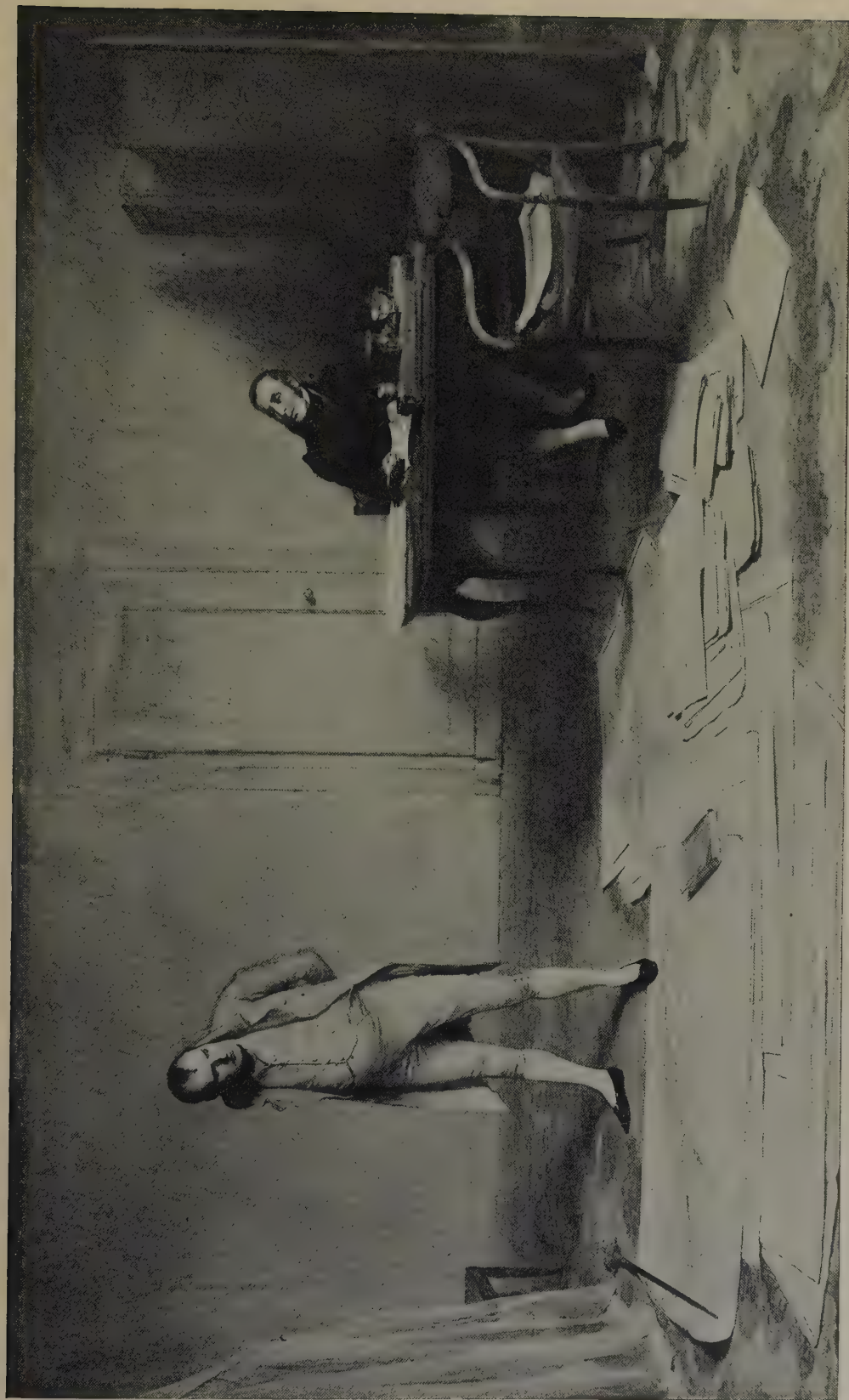
Sir William Quiller Orchardson, R.A.

defies analysis. In science analysis is everything ; in art it has no place. To understand the chemical formulæ of the component parts of a flower would lend no aid to the æsthetic appreciation of its beauty and its perfume. To the philosophic mind such knowledge has its deep poetry just as a reverent study of Nature in any of her manifestations is food for wondering admiration. But to say of a great painter that he was great because he drew finely, had a magnificent sense of colour, of form, and so on, is what one is able to say not of one but of a hundred great painters. When these things have been said there remains the purely personal equation which defies all definition, and never more completely than in the present instance. Of the literary side of his work, upon which I have already lightly touched, I can only say that one would judge that had he been a writer instead of a painter, he would, in all probability, have attained an equal and similar eminence in the sister art. Still would refinement have been the keynote of all he did. One imagines the sparkling epigram expressed by the word of words needed to suit the case. Somehow I think he would have written short stories for the most part, with only an occasional large volume ; verse sometimes, too, which would have been eagerly read, looked forward to eagerly by men and women of taste. And it pleases me to think that even as he painted Napoleon he would have written of him, for no one who looks at the fallen hero on the "Bellerophon," with all the pathos (not entirely unmixed with petulance as of a spoiled child) of its expression, can fail to feel how absorbed the painter was in the psychic side of his picture as well as in the painting of it. And just a word here of that other great Napoleon

picture, now to be seen in the Japan British Exhibition. It will be a delight to multitudes of Sir William Orchardson's admirers to have an opportunity of seeing his *St. Helena, 1816: Napoleon dictating the Account of his Campaigns*—a work which has never been publicly shown since it was seen on the walls of the Royal Academy in 1892. If a less dramatic moment of the great man's life, it is, in a way, more solemnly impressive than the well-known picture in the Tate Gallery. If anything, too, the art of it seems more absolutely certain of itself even than that of the earlier picture ; and in the extreme beauty and harmony of its colour scheme it takes rank among the master's finest achievements. Once more we have the great sense of space, once more the lonely figure, older this time ; and, in a sense, sadder, because the years have passed, and hope is buried at last, yet still the



"ON THE NORTH FORELAND" (DIPLOMA WORK). BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.
(By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy and the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London)



"ST. HELENA, 1816: NAPOLEON DICTATING
THE ACCOUNT OF HIS CAMPAIGNS"
BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

*(In the possession of the Trustees of the late James
Keiller, Esq., of Dundee. Reproduced by special
permission of Lady Orchardson by whom Copy-
right is strictly reserved.)*

Sir William Quiller Orchardson, R.A.

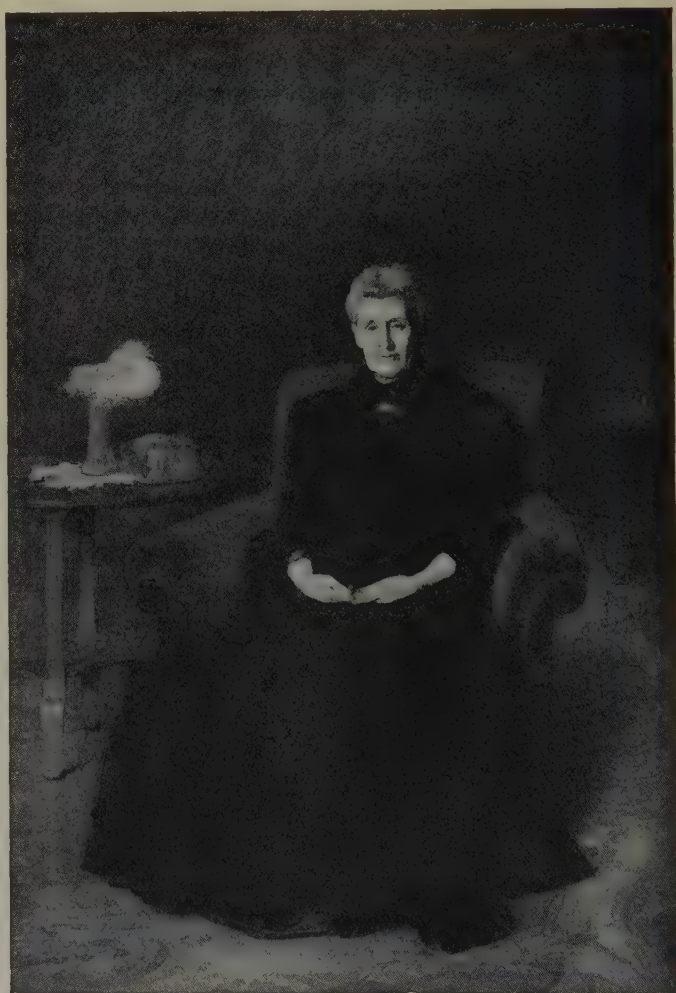
mighty intellect must work, and bring its power to bear on the task of relating history with the same untiring energy that once it spent in making it.

And now a word about Orchardson, the painter of portraits. If one's enthusiasm is aroused by the subject pictures what shall one say of those great works in the other branch of painting that were the creations of the master's brush and mind? The expression "brush and mind" slipped from my pen unweighed, but, written, gave me pause; for that very obvious and necessary truism suddenly made me realise that no other painter has perhaps ever exhibited such qualities of mind in his portraits. Always magnificent as mere likenesses, they contain that convincing quality which makes one feel assured, though one may not know or have ever seen the originals, that here we have human documents. Orchardson brought into play all his highest powers when he painted portraits, and one felt that the task must have been most congenial to him, especially when his mind was *en rapport* with that of his sitter. Even in cases where sympathy was lacking, and where perhaps the subject was not one he would have chosen for himself, I have imagined—and this may be wholly my own imagining—that there was something I can only describe as a subtly sardonic quest for some salient point in the character of the sitter which was seized upon and fixed for ever on the canvas for a few to read.

It would serve no purpose to enlarge here on all his portraits I might name, so many are fresh in the minds of those who may read this article; but of the last ones now in the Royal Academy it is pathetically interesting to speak. Never more will the visitor to the Academy exhibition pause with a deep-drawn breath of satisfaction and delight, and say "The Orchardson"! Let all who visit the present exhibition mark well those works—the last efforts of the master's hand—and strive to realise that the wizard brush which painted them is laid aside for ever. Supreme they are, exquisite the only word to use in describing

them. And to reflect that on these the frail hand wrought almost to the moment when it clasped that of death! It is as though he had said to the imperious angel, "Stay but one moment longer; I have my task to finish," and then put forth with perfect calmness and power all his strength and sweetness.

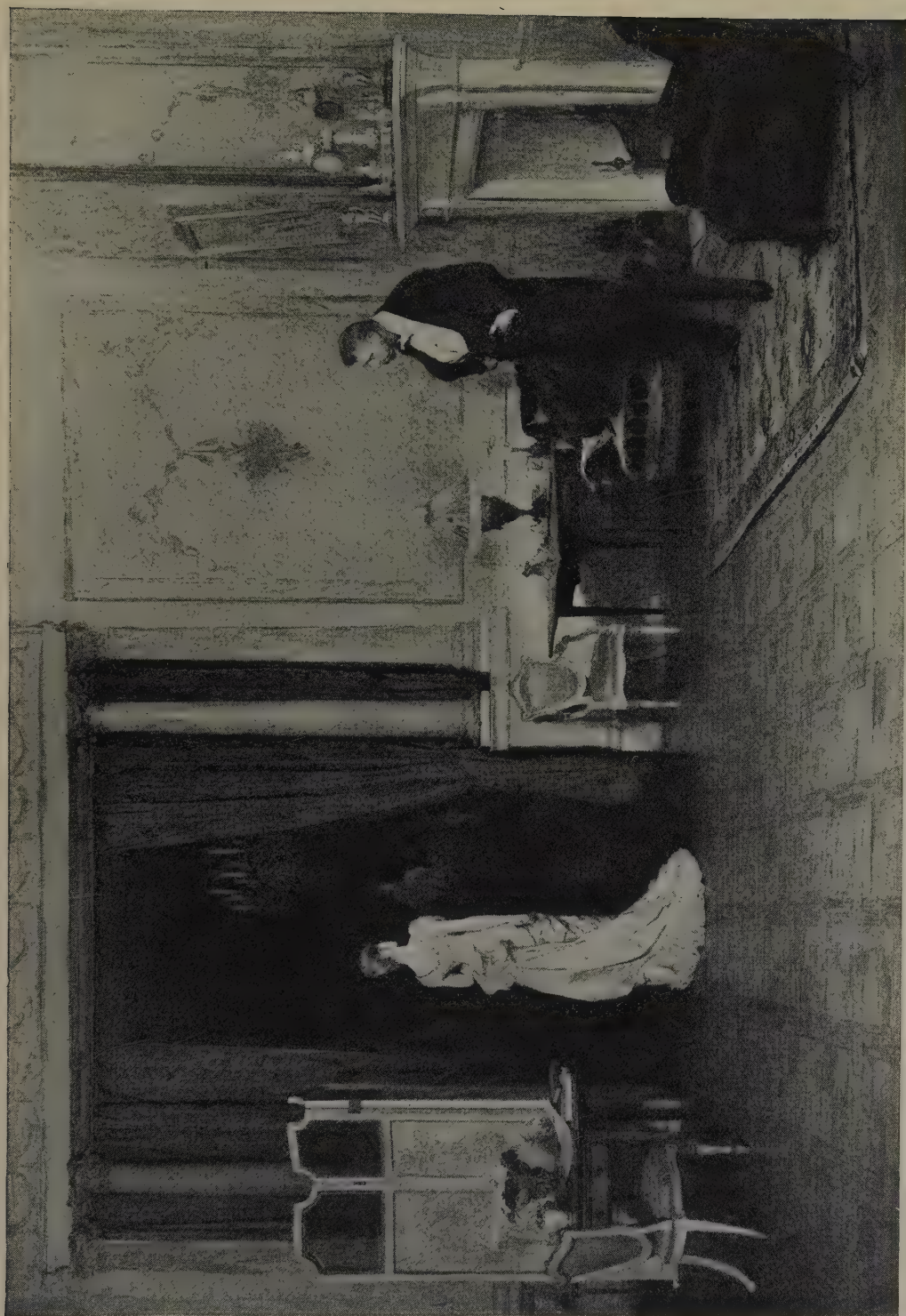
History proves that the great painter—more often, perhaps, than the men of other arts—continues to the end gaining in power and beauty, but it would be difficult to find a case which more strikingly exemplifies the fact than that of these works. There is no shadow of doubt that so long as the art of painting retains its powers of attraction Orchardson's pictures will enjoy that deathless fame which only comes to the highest and the best. Through all the modern "movements" in art his great genius, compound of sweet-



PORTRAIT OF MRS. PATTISON

BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

(By permission of Robert Pattison, Esq.)



*(In the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank.
By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons,
owners of the Copyright)*

**"THE FIRST CLOUD"
BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.**

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOSEPH

BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

(By permission of Mrs. Joseph)

ness and sincerity, will shine with its strong and mellow light. His art was like a flower—a rose. That rose is dead, but it never faded ; it died in the zenith of its fragrance and its beauty. A. L. B.

JAPANESE ART AND ARTISTS OF TO-DAY.*—I. PAINTING. BY PROF. JIRO HARADA.

MUCH has been said and written about Japanese paintings and Japanese drawings ever since they became known to the world. They were introduced to Europe largely through the Western connoisseurs, such as the late Dr. Fenollosa, who

* In this series of articles modern Japanese Art will be dealt with under its various aspects. The present article on Painting, by Professor Jiro Harada, of the Nagoya College of Technology, who is now in London with the Imperial Japanese Commission for the Japan-British Exhibition, will be followed by others on the Glyptic Arts (Sculpture, Ivory Carving, Wood Carving, etc.), Textiles and Embroidery, Ceramics, Bronzes and Enamels, by Japanese and European writers.

took a great fancy to our art productions when he first visited Japan some twenty-five years ago. But the West was acquainted with the art of the East at an earlier date than this. At the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, Japanese artists contributed many fine examples of their work. The singularity of treatment, subtleness of touch, and suggestive technique of the works did not fail to leave their impression upon the artistic temperament of those who were thus afforded an opportunity of studying them. Connoisseurs, artists, and lovers of pictures became interested in the Japanese artist and his creations. This appreciation was happily augmented by our exhibits at the subsequent expositions held at Chicago, Paris, St. Louis, and elsewhere. Now we have the display at the Fine Arts Palace at Shepherd's Bush, by far the most comprehensive

Japanese artists have yet made. There is both a representative modern and retrospective section. Indeed, every period, every school,* and every style of our art may here be seen. The collection is full of masterpieces, and is certainly very rich and rare, having received valuable contributions from national and private collections, as well as from the temples, which are the shrines of many rare works of art.

In spite of the opportunities, however, which Occidentals have had of studying Japanese art, they have, nevertheless, failed to a great extent to appreciate the true aspirations of our artists. This is even the case with the greater majority of the intellectual classes. Even those who have honestly endeavoured to grasp the true meaning of the creations of our artists, and have plunged deeply into the subject, have only lost their way in the bewildering paths they have pursued. This failure to grasp the essence of Japanese art is, after all, a natural one. To really understand the civilisation

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting

of a nation entirely different to one's own is an arduous and sometimes an almost impossible task. So it is with art. To fully appreciate the subtleness and beauty of the paintings of a nation whose ways of attaining the ideals of art are essentially different from anything one has been accustomed to, cannot be an easy matter.

This difficulty, however, is not only confined to foreigners, but confronts the Japanese themselves. This will be evidenced when we remember the percentage of marks given by the jurors to some of the paintings exhibited at the various national exhibitions held in Japan, more especially at the Fine Arts Exhibitions held by the Department of Education for the last two years at Tokyo. While one juror would give a picture twenty marks, another would allot it ninety. These critics, moreover, often belonged to the same school, yet their appreciation of a picture would vary to this extent. One can well understand, therefore, how young students fail to grasp the value of or appreciate a native painting.

The difficulty with the Westerners lies chiefly in the difference existing in the aims and ideals in pictorial art, as upheld by the artists of the East and those of the West. The Japanese artist endeavours to present the poetic aspect, in which the object appeals to his own refined and æsthetic imagination. He aims to accomplish what photography cannot—to portray the spirit of the object or scene. Thus he does not merely try to represent nature, but adds to it something from his own soul, so that the picture will be more than nature. To paint an object as it is, to be bound by it, is to become a slave to it. The Japanese artist endeavours to soar above even Nature by adding to it his own power of imagination and observation. Like the miner who extracts the gold and throws away the sand, so the Japanese artist tries to extract the beauty from nature and refines it. He reveals the charm and beauty hidden under the surface. He grasps the secret of nature and presents it on silk through human interpretation. Thus the picture becomes a voiceless poem. Herein lies the ideal of Japanese art.

Thus, instead of attempting to reproduce on canvas the scene as it actually is, the Eastern artist tries to suggest to the observer the impression of the view as he beholds it. When a Japanese artist views a landscape and decides to transfer it to paper, he first thinks about it, ponders over it, studying it in all its varying moods and aspects, until his very soul is imbued with the scene. He does not merely gaze at it, but approaches it

subjectively until he is able to feel with it, to understand its moods, and by listening to its appeal becomes, as it were, a part of the scene before him. Then he tries to present on paper or silk the most salient points in the landscape as he sees it in his mind's eye.

Should it be desired, for instance, to draw such a simple object as a crow, the artist first studies the habits and peculiarities of the bird. He notes its movements and general mode of life. The mind is thus deeply impressed with the different attitudes and aspects of the creature, and he is thus enabled to reproduce the bird when desired. Again, the impression is always created with the fewest possible strokes of the brush. The work on a silk is simplified and economised to such an extent that the production is sometimes but a mere symbol.

Such being the condition, it is not difficult to conceive that the tendency would be to develop "suggestion." As some have said, Japanese art is essentially impressionism. A Shinto shrine would be represented by a *torii*, which invariably spans its wooded avenue of approach; a river by a sinuous stroke; a village by two or three roof ridges emerging from the mist; the sea by the curves of a few wave crests; and a tree by a mere branch. You must learn these tricks in order to appreciate fully the subtle beauties of Japanese art.

Being guided by that principle of the economy of strokes, the Japanese artist leaves a large space on his paper or silk untouched; but that part, though blank, has its own mission to fulfil, be it to intensify the subject or give a breadth and depth to the picture. Generally, only the essential elements are represented, stripped of all unnecessary detail. Thus the artist grasps, as it were, only that which is beautiful and desirable in what he sees. If he painted an apple, for instance, he would, with one single swing of his brush, draw the shape and suggest the colour, and with another stroke get the stem, and by a dozen or so more reproduce several apples.

This sounds very simple and easy. In some respects it is simple, but it is really far from being easy. In Japanese paintings, such as those that would be preserved as examples of art, the minute details are not essential. The perfection of true work lies rather in the spirit and the soul of the object that is revealed in every stroke of the brush, and in the picture as a whole. These must all portray life and charm. Every line and every drop of ink that falls from the brush upon the paper must be the life-blood, as it were, oozing from the mind and soul of the artist, portraying

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting

his impressions and ideas. He must express them, too, in the fewest strokes and in the strongest possible manner. Every line he draws must be the crystallisation of his ideals. Not a single movement of the brush is to be slighted. Every line must be a finished stroke when the brush leaves the paper, having its own mission to perform. Herein lies the life of true Japanese art. Herein is to be found the vital point, the key to the secret of understanding Japanese pictorial art.

One must, therefore, be able to appreciate the brush work in order that one may truly understand Japanese painting. Brush work plays an important part in the drawing—the tone, feeling, and, in fact, almost everything is determined by it. When you come to think of it, it is really marvellous the way light and shade, colouring, and the gradation of “values” are determined by a single stroke. You find bold brush-work expressing texture, movement, and strength, all combined. The training every Japanese child receives from a tender age in tracing ideographs, educates brush-using facility, and it is often claimed that the Japanese eye catches in brush strokes an æsthetic beauty too subtle to appeal to ordinary men living outside the ideographic pale.

It must be admitted that, primarily, the Japanese painting and drawing, such as may be meant to be hung on the alcove, are considered decorative to the extent that their beauty shall be best appreciated in its harmony to the proper surroundings. The fact, however, must not be lost sight of that they are representative as well. They are by no means mere decorations.

Some Japanese paintings and drawings seem so illogical to Western observers that they do not see the value of them as such. If the mechanical deficiency of a picture prevents the observer from obtaining that which the artist desires him to see, the painting is doubtless inferior. However, there are some Japanese paintings which captivate one with the spirit to such an extent that one does not notice the incongruity of the mechanical parts of the drawing. One of Gaho's pictures exhibited at the

St. Louis Exposition was awarded highest honours, though the ducks in the distance were painted much larger than those in the foreground. The picture was so drawn that one was completely lost in the poetry of the masterpiece, and one's attention was not distracted by this illogical treatment.

Art is not necessarily of a high character because it is realistically representative. “A squarely-built Russian horseman on a splendid steed looks admirably fine and strong,” said Baron Kuki, in his speech at the Osaka Hotel some time ago, “while the small Japanese on his shabby horse beside him looks miserably poor and weak. It would seem as if a single Russian horseman were capable of standing against at least three or four Japanese, from their appearance. But when they fought, it was proved quite the contrary. The masterpieces of our Sesshu, with his few bold strokes, can well be compared with the masterpieces of Raphael and Titian. If they are the saint artists, so also are ours.” These remarks by one of Japan's greatest art critics cannot be ignored.

The rapidity and perfect ease with which a Japanese artist works cannot but command the admiration of even those who do not understand the art. The bamboo rustling in wind, thundering waterfalls, cawing crows, flying birds, moss-covered rocks, and multitudes of other objects may be depicted by lines, curves, and washes, arranged in ways capable of being memorised as accurately as an ideograph. The directness and facility of the Japanese artist who, unmindful of a crowd of onlookers, paints a dozen pictures while you wait,



“FUJI-NO-YAMA”

BY FUKUI KOTEI

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting.

each presenting some point of excellence, is, in a way, marvellous. Fukui Kotei painted one picture for each of his 1,224 guests in one summer day in Tokyo three years ago. He was at it from five in the morning until half-past seven o'clock in the evening with two large brushes. Think of it! Over twelve hundred pictures in one day, and every one of them large enough for ordinary *Kakemono*. The *Bamboo and Finch* here reproduced is one of the more careful pictures of the twelve hundred he painted. The *Fuji-no-yama* also included in our illustrations, is a facsimile of one drawn by him in one evening for Prince Arthur of Connaught, when he spent a night in Nagoya while in the East on the Garter mission.

The artists of Japan are generally divided into two classes, the East and West, the former including all those living in the capital and its vicinity, while the latter have as their centre Kyoto, the older capital. Their work shows different characteristics. Generally speaking, the artists of Tokyo paint more with their head than with their hands. They are extremely alert in getting new ideas and new subjects, always trying to find some new channels for the expression of their æsthetic aspirations.

As an illustration of this two pictures may be mentioned. One is *Nihyaku-toka*. (The title means the two hundred and tenth day after the sowing of rice. It is at about this time that the rice is in bloom, and susceptible to danger from storms. If the day is a fine one the farmer may rely upon a good crop, but should a storm occur the flowers may be destroyed and the crop spoilt.) The picture of which this is the subject is purely an impressionist one of a rice field, with that kind of sky which causes anxiety to the farmer. It was painted by Yokoyama Taikan, and exhibited at the first exhibition of paintings held by the Department of Education two years ago.

The other picture is *Kata-shigura*,



"BAMBOO AND FINCH"

BY FUKUI KOTEI



"PHEASANT ON ROCK"

BY ARAKI KAMPO (TOKYO)

by Kawai Gyokudo. In this work the artist endeavours to portray nature under peculiar conditions. A part of the atmosphere is clear and bright, while the other is clouded, and there is a suggestion of rain. It shows the opposite moods of the elements. It is a very striking intellectual example of Japanese art, which is almost beyond the scope of the ordinary artist.

In the paintings of Tokyo artists, showing the work of the head, in preference to the hand, the composition, generally speaking, is good. Each picture has, more or less, a centre. This is well represented by *Tsuji-seppo*, or *Wayside Preaching*. A large audience is shown listening to the preacher by the wayside. In many ways the composition is very clever and so executed that the observer is naturally led to the central figure, the preacher.

Generally speaking, there is little in the creations of the Kyoto artists that seems to pull their pictures together, with very few exceptions. There is no centre and the subject seems scattered. Nevertheless, they are wonderfully strong in technique. They paint a picture rather with the hand than with the head. This is well illustrated in Yamamoto Shunkyo's picture, entitled *Pine in Snow*, exhibited at last

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



SCREEN PAINTING

BY SHIMOMURA KWANZAN (TOKYO)

year's exhibition in Tokyo, and also by Tsuji Kako's painting, entitled *Amanoivato*, also shown at the same exhibition. While the artists of Tokyo show independence of thought and freedom of action, those of Kyoto are, more or less, dependent upon their leaders. They are, for instance, greatly influenced by Takenouchi Seiho, who is exceedingly clever with his brush. For every

Although nearly seventy years of age, he is still an earnest student, and is always making improvements in his style. This has been specially noticeable in his productions during the last five or six years. Recently he made a deep study of the works of the artists of the Ming Era. Gyokusho has many pupils, some of whom have become famous in various lines.

ten pictures that Seiho produces, either in choice of a subject or in technique, he has a band of followers. For that reason Seiho's position in the Western capital is a very responsible one.

A reference to the representative artists of Tokyo and the points which characterize their works may now be given:—

Kawabata Gyokusho, a Court Artist, is particularly noted for his strength in technique and bold brush work. He was a pupil of Nakashima, and belongs to the Maruyama School of Painting. In *Tsukitate-ho* he is especially at his best. In this the artist, by one stroke of his brush, produces the effect of light and shade and colour as well. In this line of work he is unequalled in Japan at the present time.



SCREEN PAINTING

BY TERASAKI KOGYO (TOKYO)

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



"HORSES" BY KAWAI GYOKUDO (TOKYO)

Araki Kampo, a Court Artist, is especially famous for his paintings of flowers and birds, and is considered by many as the acknowledged master in this particular field of painting. He learned his art from Okamoto Shuki. Although eighty years of age, the characteristic of his creations is the amount of detail in them, very little being left to suggestion. Perhaps this was because he learnt Western painting when he was a young man. However, his works are truly Japanese. Kampo's productions are, in some respects, a combination of the Northern and Southern schools. Whether it is to the credit of the master or not, it is nevertheless a curious fact that all his pupils paint exactly the same style of picture, so that the source of their training is at once recognised. Kampo is certainly a conscientious and painstaking

worker. Often he is almost too much so for Japanese taste. His *Pheasant on Rock*, now at the Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, is one of his last year's works.

Terasaki Kogyo certainly shows talent in every style of painting. He made a careful study of the works of the Buncho School, while he also learnt from Gaho, who died a few years ago, and from whom he got his inspiration. He may be described as an all-round artist, and no doubt this varied talent can be traced to the fact that when he first came to Tokyo he was forced to do almost everything. He could paint pictures which were so different in style that it was virtually impossible for the critics to recognise them as the work of a single artist. His four studies in *Mountain Streams*, now at the Exhibition, show a variety of treatment. On one occasion, when dining with a hotel proprietor in Uyen Park, he dipped his handkerchief in the pigments, and with this rude brush made a fanciful painting of a plum-tree on



"DEER IN AUTUMN"

BY KAWAI GYOKUDO (TOKYO)



"THE NEW MOON." BY KAWAI GYOKUDO.

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



"THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN"
BY KAWAI GYOKUDO (TOKYO)

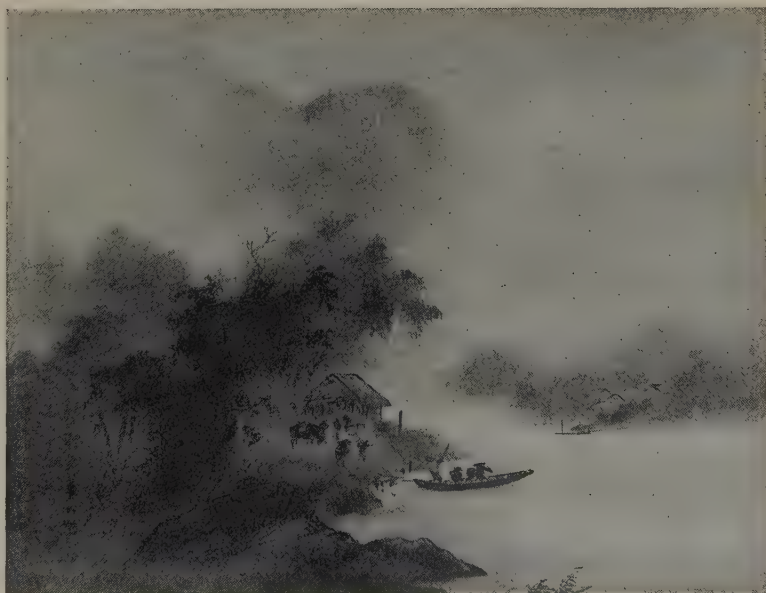


"A SPRING SHOWER"

BY KAWAI GYOKUDO (TOKYO)

a golden screen, putting on blossoms by means of a hexagonal salt-dish.

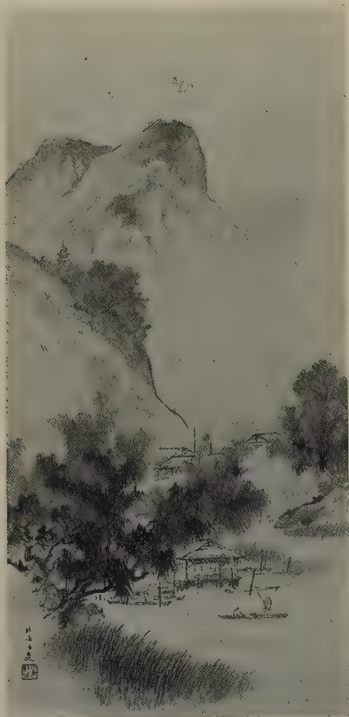
Shimomura Kwanzan is recognised as the best student that the Tokyo Fine Art School has so far produced. He studied at Gaho's studio for some years. He was by no means a promising artist at the beginning, and declares he got his inspiration from watching the "No" dance. It appears that the determined yet graceful movements of the dancers gave him the inspiration he was seeking. His painting rightly belongs to the old



"FERRY-BOAT IN RAIN"

BY SUZUKI KWASON (TOKYO)

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



LANDSCAPE
BY TAKASHIMA HOKKAI (TOKYO)

man's Return, all of which are here reproduced. Sometimes they are exceedingly well done, while at other times they are not so good.

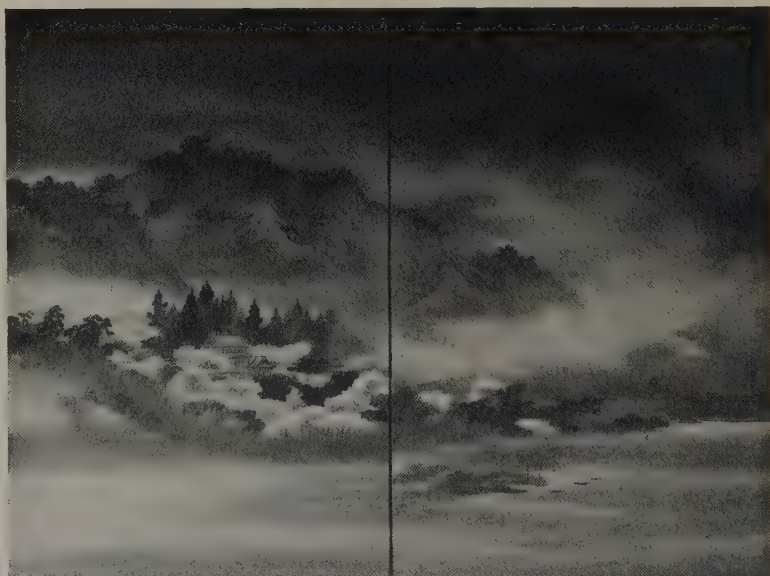
Suzuki Kwason is one of those artists who can claim to be entirely self-taught, having studied under no one. He enjoys with Watanabe Seitei great popularity in the West. These two artists' works are well known in Europe and are greatly appreciated. Their creations were introduced here through the Arts and Crafts Association, which was started soon after the Vienna Exhibition, and which supplies the Western market with artistic Japanese works, such as Japanese paintings, ceramics, cloisonné,

etc. Both these artists design a number of porcelain, pottery, and cloisonné ware for the European market. Kwason shows ability in many directions, but is exceedingly clever with his brush. He paints landscapes, flowers, and birds. The boldness of his brush-work, which yet possesses a soft effect, is particularly noticeable in his *Ferry Boat in Rain* at the Exhibition, and here reproduced (p. 107). His productions are truly Eastern—very suggestive, yet full of strength.

Watanabe Seitei, whose master was Kikuchi Yosai, has an exceedingly light touch, which seems to be the cause of the



SCREEN PAINTINGS



BY NOMURA BUNKYO (TOKYO)



LANDSCAPE
BY YAMAOKA BEIKWA (TOKYO)

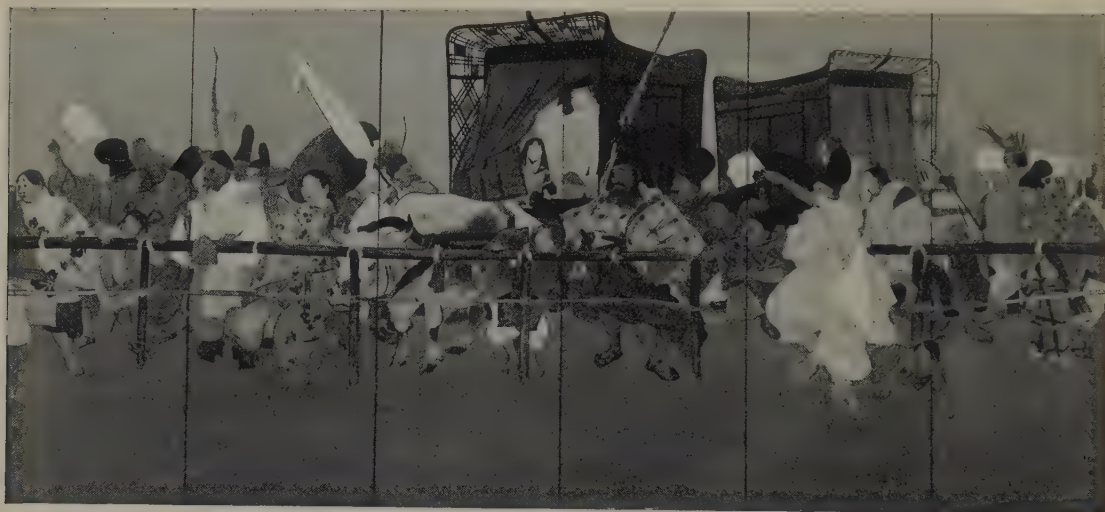
Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting

popularity of his productions in the West, though they are not known so much in the East. He paints pictures very well adapted as designs for cloisonné.

Yokoyama Taikan, in whose work we find the vital characteristics of the Tokyo artists, is especially noted for his beautiful colouring without lines. Taikan paints with his head, rather than with his hand, and endeavours to present on canvas exceedingly clever creations which are entirely beyond the scope of his brush. So fine are his productions that in some respects they resemble water colours. He is one of the graduates of the Tokyo Fine Art School.

Among other Tokyo artists deserving of mention are: Kumagai Naohiko, who, though ninety years of age, is still one of the most strenuous working artists

of the day, and one of whose favourite subjects is the rising sun—he is a follower of the Shijo School, and was a pupil of Okamoto Toyohiko; Nomura Bunkyo, whose master was Shiokawa Bunriu, and who paints soft and finished landscapes on screens, examples of which are reproduced (p. 108); Matsumoto Fuko, who learnt painting from Kikuchi Yosai; Araki Jippo, son of Kampo, who has a good specimen of his work at the Exhibition, entitled *Early Summer*; Yamaoka Beikwa, whose landscape we reproduce, received the first prize at the Tokyo Exhibition; Ogata Gekko, whose *Boat on the Sumida River* here given (p. 113) may be considered as one of his representative works; Takahashi Koko, whose *Race*, shown at the Exhibition, portrays life and movement; Yamanouchi Tamon,



"THE RACE" (SCREEN PAINTINGS)

BY TAKAHASHI KOKO (TOKYO)

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



"DEER IN AUTUMN FIELD" (SCREEN PAINTINGS)

BY KONOSHIMA OKOKU (KYOTO)

who has one of his works, entitled *A Forest Path*, at the Exhibition; Takashima Hokkai, fond of drawing the Rocky Mountains in black-and-white, and who painted over a thousand sketches in St. Louis during the World's Fair held in that city, has a landscape at the Exhibition; and Goto Koko, whose picture, *Barnyard Fowls*, is also exhibited at Shepherd's Bush.

Among the artists of Kyoto there are not a few who have retired from the arena, but still hold acknowledged positions. Among these we may mention the following four who have exercised, perhaps, the greatest influence:—

Imao Keinen, one of the foremost among this band of retired masters, learnt painting from Suzuki Hyakunen, and is especially noted for his pictures of flowers and birds. He takes a great interest in the Southern School, and is exceedingly clever with his brush.

Suzuki Shonen, another of these retired artists, is a son of Hyakunen, and is famous for his strong strokes and the strength and vigour shown in his work. He lives rather a secluded life, and some of his characteristics are sometimes revealed in his paintings.

Mochizuki Gyokusen, a descendant of the famous artist of the same name—same in pronunciation, though not in characters—who learnt painting from Chinese artists, is another of those who have retired from active work. He has, however, a school of his own.

Hara Zaisen, also a descendant of another noted artist's family, is a Court Artist, and is now engaged in quietly teaching his pupils by the method known as the Hara School.

Among those active in the arena, the following are deserving of mention:—

Takeuchi Seiho, known as the leader of the

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



"EARLY SUMMER"

BY ARAKI JIPPO (TOKYO)

artists of Kyoto, has undoubtedly great power and talent. He is always struggling to go ahead, not confining himself to conventional styles and subjects. At the first exhibition of paintings held by the Department of Education the subjects of a pair of screens were *Tamed Monkeys* and *Rabbits*. At last year's exhibition his subject was *A Dancing Girl*, portrayed in an entirely different aspect to that yet attempted by other artists. Both of these works are shown at Shepherd's Bush. The picture of the dancing girl created much comment among Japanese artists when exhibited at Ueno Park. The brush work of the blue pigment is strikingly bold and daring. Though the pose is not a particularly happy one, the artist has succeeded in giving the motion and also the dancer's grace of movement. Seiho succeeds in grasping the spirit of things not revealed to ordinary artists. He is considered by many of his brother artists as a genius. The delicate beauty and subtleness of his artistic creations have not been attained by practice

alone. There is a spirit and an impression in his work not found in the paintings of any of his rivals.

Kikuchi Hobun, once a pupil of Bairei, is capable of a very strong stroke, which is the life of his paintings. He was a senior fellow-student with Seiho. While the latter has very few distinguished pupils, Hobun has many. He seems to be successful as a teacher, as was the case with Kano Yasunobu, who developed such famous artists as Korin and Iccho. Hobun has always been very studious and an earnest worker. He has attained his present position by constant practice and untiring labour.

Yamamoto Shunkyo is an artist capable of diverse subjects in various treatments. He is very dexterous in using the brush, particularly in showing movement, and this is strikingly shown in his



"A FOREST PATH"

BY YAMANOUCHI TAMON (TOKYO)

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



"BOAT ON THE SUMIDA RIVER, TEMPO PERIOD" BY OGATA GEKKO (TOKYO)

bold yet delicate brushwork is also well shown in his *Flowers and the "Chin" Dog*. In his other works, *Pine in Snow*, and a *Fishermen's Hamlet*, and the landscape studies in four seasons, reproduced on page 115, his broad and strong brushwork, yet delicate finish, is apparent.

Taniguchi Kokyo, who studied painting with Bairei, is famous for the excellence of the design in his pictures, and for their decorative treatment. In historical subjects he also claims some attention.

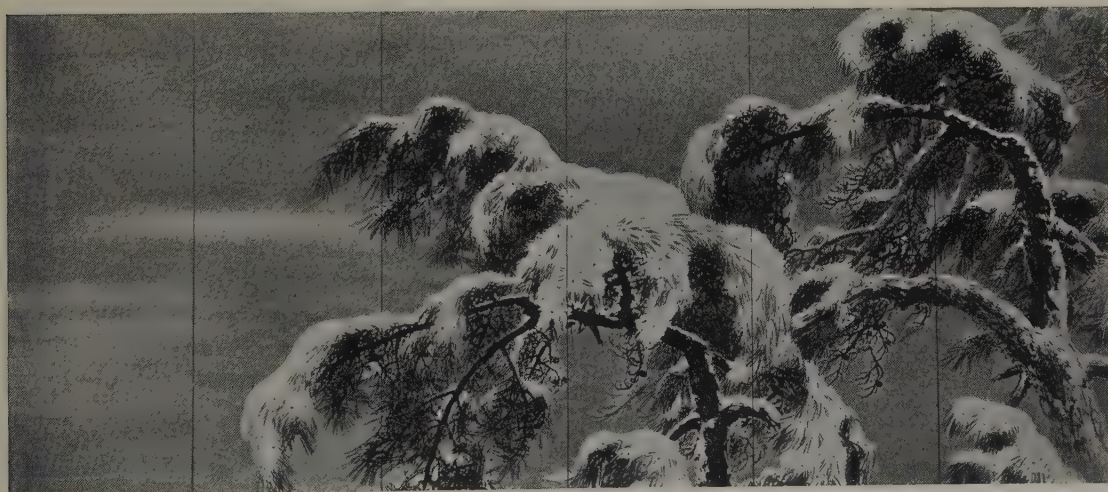
picture, *Monkey Screaming in a Storm*, where the force of the elements is well portrayed. His

Tsuji Kako is one of the most able artists of Kyoto from the technique standpoint. Some of



"A STRAIT"

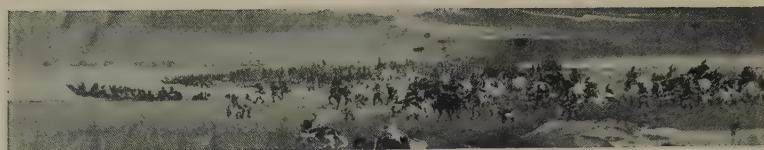
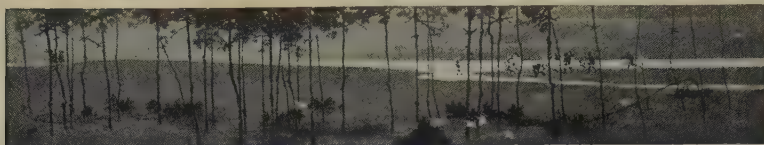
BY MOCHIZUKI GYOKUSEN (KYOTO)



"PINE TREE IN SNOW" (SCREEN PAINTING)

BY YAMAMOTO SHUNKYO (KYOTO)

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



"FALL OF THE TAIRA FAMILY"

BY HIRAI BAISEN (KYOTO)

his pictures are quite representative of Kyoto artists, in that he has a most excellent touch.

Among other Kyoto artists, mention should be made of Hirai Baisen, whose *Fall of the Taira Family* is here reproduced; Nakai Kokoku, whose *After the Rain* shows finish; Matsu-mura Baiyu, who shows well in his *Rokkakudo*, now at the Exhibition; and Kono-shima Okaku, who has been a pupil of Imao Keinen, and whose work may be appreciated in his *Deer in Autumn Field* now at the Exhibition.

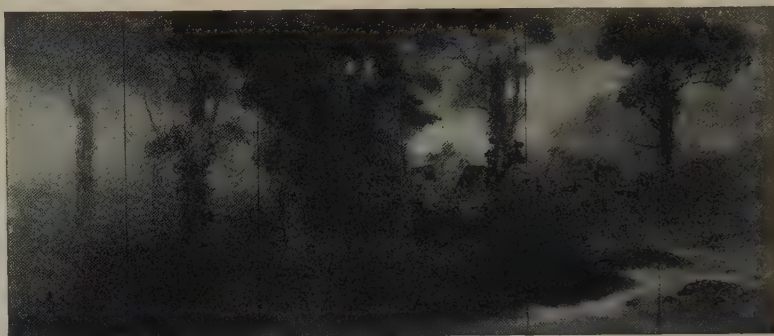
In this reference to Kyoto artists, it may be well to mention two or three Osaka painters, who have attained fame for their artistic work. Three of the best known among them are Murata Kokoku, Mori Kinseki, and the well-known Fukada Chokujo. The first-named is of the Southern School; the second learned from Nakanishi Koseki, and his ability may be judged by his *Mountain Ravine*, presented on page 120; the last-mentioned was also a pupil of Bairei.

It must be acknowledged that there are artists of known fame in other cities and towns, though the space does not allow us to deal with all of them. Refer-

ence will be made later to Yamamoto Baiso of Nagoya, who distinguishes himself in *Nanga*. Attention to one other name is here invited, that of Ohashi Suiseki, of Okazaki. He is considered unrivalled in Japan in painting tigers. His *Tigers in Snow*, which is now at the White City and will remain in this country, is

included in our illustrations (see page 116).

There are a number of women artists in Japan



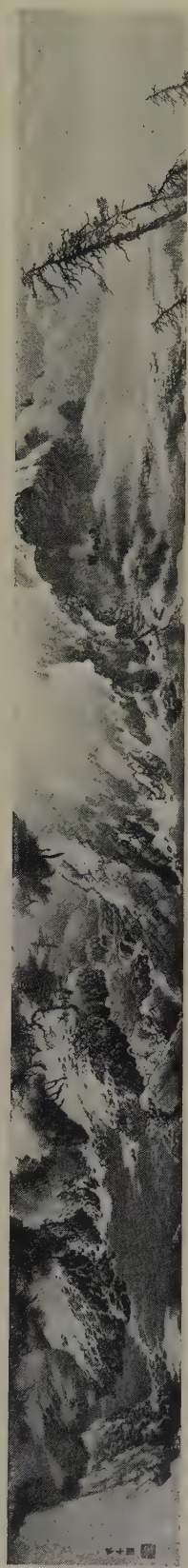
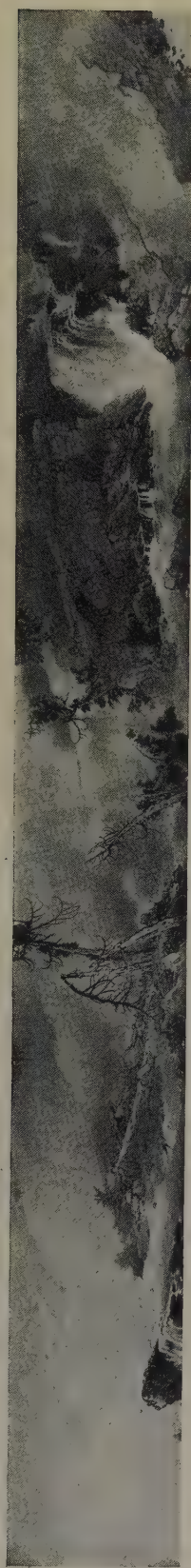
"AFTER THE RAIN"

BY NAKAI KOKOKU (KYOTO)



"RABBITS"

BY TAKEUCHI SEIHO (KYOTO)



“SPRING,” “AUTUMN,” AND “WINTER”
BY YAMAMOTO SHUNKYO (KYOTO)

(For the picture of “Summer” omitted here, see
THE STUDIO for March 1910, page 100.)

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



"TIGERS IN SNOW"

BY OHASHI SUISEKI (OKAZAKI)



"FLOWERS AND 'CHIN' DOG'"

BY YAMAMOTO SHUNKYO (KYOTO)

more or less famous. One, whose work is particularly commendable, is Noguchi Shohin, a Court Artist. She is easily first among lady artists, and her work will compare favourably with that of the leading masters of Tokyo. Her *Autumnal Flowers*, reproduced on page 119, was exhibited at last year's exhibition of the Fine Arts Association at Tokyo, and bought by the Department of the Imperial Household. Sakakibara Shoen, of Tokyo, another lady artist, is doing some excellent work, an example of which is now to be seen at the Exhibition. Uyemura Shoen, of Kyoto, still another lady artist of note, especially in painting Japanese ladies, is also represented at Shepherd's Bush in her *At a Cherry Picnic*.

It is lamented by many that modern Japanese paintings and drawings do not live up to her artistic reputation. The influence of

Western art on Japanese art is considered by many deplorable, and there are some who doubt whether the present mode of painting as well as the implements used, will hold their places long. However, there are not a few who are confident in the Eastern artists' success in retaining all that is best in their own masterpieces, and incorporating or harmonising in their conceptions that which is best in Western art—a trait which has long been regarded as an ethnic characteristic of the nation,



"AT A CHERRY PICNIC"
BY UYEMURA SHOEN (KYOTO)



"THINKING OF A DISTANT
FRIEND IN THE AUTUMN
TWILIGHT." BY TANIGUCHI KOKYO.

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



LANDSCAPE BY YAMAMOTO SHUNKYO (KYOTO)

and is shown in her assimilation of what is best adaptable to her people and her needs in foreign culture.

Without going into a detailed reference to this subject, it will be sufficient to mention here that there is a hard struggle now going on between those who try to keep to the old schools and those who endeavour to modify our artistic creations with a view to improving them by adopting the Western mode of painting. The latter have certainly made no small amount of sacrifice. This, briefly, is the struggle between the New and Old schools, and the result of this conflict is still to be seen. Whatever the outcome of the strife, what-

ever the demand of the age may be in this respect, as voiced by Baron Iwamura and others, Japanese art must be Japanese art in which the æsthetic feeling of that people must find complete and satisfactory expression.

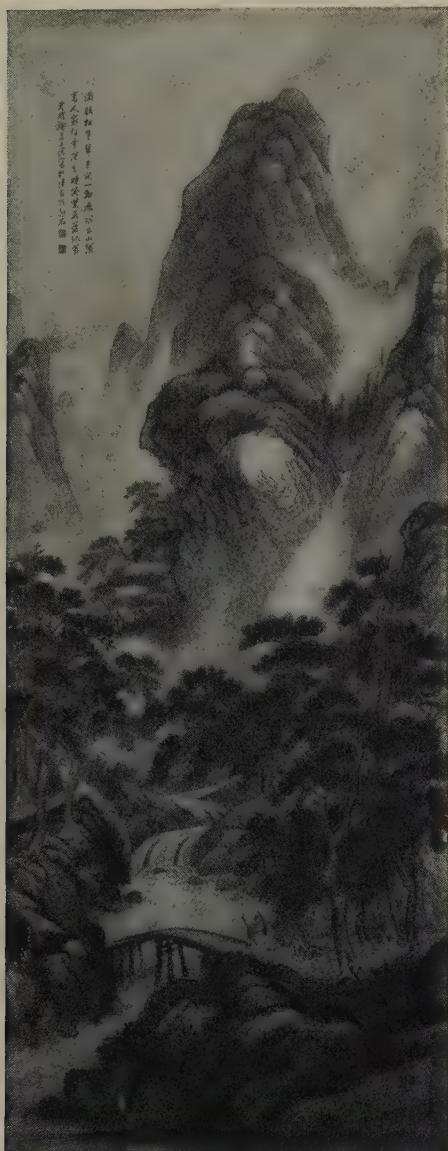
Oil painting is a new departure, or rather a new adventure, among our artists. One noted British critic of Japanese art, in speaking of this departure the other day, said: "I wish your artists would not try to paint in oil, as the art is quite different from the Japanese. It is almost like a painter trying to learn sculpture, and you know life is too short to attempt too many things." It is needless to add that this critic was not very



"AUTUMNAL FLOWERS"

BY NOGUCHI SHOHIN (COURT ARTIST)

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



“MOUNTAIN RAVINE”
BY MORI KINSEKI (OSAKA)

complimentary to Japanese oil painting, which is well represented at the Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush.

But anyone who has zealously watched its progress cannot fail to see the marked advancement Japanese artists have made in this direction. It is the general opinion among our own art critics that our oil paintings show a more marked advancement than do our native paintings. The general public have been, for some reason, more drawn to them. Those who saw our oil paintings at the St. Louis Exposition will, by making a

comparison with those now at Shepherd's Bush, a few of which are included in the illustrations to this article (see pages 121—123), readily recognise and acknowledge the improvement made during the last five or six years along this line. The future, therefore, is not altogether despairing, as some at one time seemed to fear. There are now some strong societies, such as the Hakuba-Kai, Aoba-Kai, and Taiheiyo Painting Associations, all working most arduously for the advancement of this Western art.

On the whole, however, it must be admitted that many of our artists in oils fail to grasp the real spirit of Western art, being given more to the copying of the outer form of the subjects. Some seem to place too much weight upon the actual representation of the subject, and do not possess that freedom with the brush attained by painters of Japanese pictures; while



“UNDER THE CHERRY TREE” BY SAKAKIBARA SHOEN (TOKYO)

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



"ROKKAKUDO, A TEMPLE IN KYOTO"

BY MATSUMURA BAIYU (KYOTO)

on the other hand, in Japanese paintings, the artists often appear to be strong only in mere technique. As Mr. J. Nakazawa has well observed, oil painters give an impression of building miserable shanties on a firm concrete foundation, while the artists of Japanese paintings erect a handsome mansion with magnificent roofs on sandy foundation. Indeed, each has something to learn from the other. A healthy development will be assured if in native paintings more attention is given to the studying of the exact forms of

nature and their rightful representation, while in oil paintings more effort is made to assume the attitude of the masters in Japanese painting who declare: "I am not painting the form of an object, but the soul and spirit of it."

Before concluding a reference should certainly be made to the education afforded for the fine arts in Japan. It was in 1888 that the Tokyo Fine Art School was organised. In 1896, a course of European painting was added, and also that of modelling for sculpture. There are now eight courses, namely: Japanese painting, European painting, sculpture, designing, engraving on metal, metal-casting, lacquer, and the normal course in drawing. Each course requires five years, with the exception of the last, which takes three years to complete.

A school for painting was established in the Western capital in 1880, when Tokyo did not possess any institution of the kind. After many changes the standard of the institution was raised in 1908 to the level of the Tokyo Fine Art School, and the institution assumed its present name, "Kyoto Special School for Painting."

One fact here is particularly notice



"THE BREEZE" (OIL PAINTING)

BY NADA SANZO

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



"THE SEA-SHORE" (OIL)

BY YOSHIDA HIROSHI

classes in both schools. As to the reasons for this decrease, Mr. N. Masaki, President of the Tokyo Fine Art School, and now in London as Chairman of the Retrospective Art Section of the Japan-British Exhibition, seems to think that, among others, as the Western painting is now in vogue and as the subject is comparatively new with wider openings, the students are drawn to it more or less as a matter of fashion, while they also do not understand Japanese painting to be sufficiently interested in

able, namely, that the applicants for the course in Japanese painting have been perceptibly decreasing for the last few years, in spite of marked increase in the number of students in the foreign

it when they come to choose their courses.

The older system of learning painting from the great masters of Japan in *Kajuku*, or art studios, is, however, still in vogue among our people. It



"EVENING" (WATER COLOUR)

BY YOSHIDA HIROSHI

東山



北海居士



月



曉石生



梅里寫



賴章



廣



科



之舉



吉原



小



梅里



翠



觀山



玉



松葉



三門



梅里



棋

寫



棋



華



庭園女



寬



中



研



玉



松



SIGNATURES AND SEALS OF SOME CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE ARTISTS.

Japanese Art and Artists of To-day.—I. Painting



"READING POETRY" (OIL) BY ISHIBASHI WAKUN

is a fact that almost every artist of any name has a group of pupils to teach at his studio. There are hundreds of them in Tokyo, and scores in other cities of the country. Thus, while the Tokyo Fine Art School and the Special School for Painting in Kyoto are the only two recognised schools for training young artists—here it may be added that the Tokyo Girls' School of Fine Arts, which has now over seven hundred students, is doing an excellent work—the numerous private studios afford plenty of opportunities to our young aspirants in art.

The following are some of the principal Japanese Art Societies and *Kajuku* (art studios) in Tokyo :—

BIJUTSU KYOKAI (Fine Arts Association).—The centre of influence here is Gejo, a great connoisseur and artist of the Kano School.

NIHONGAKAI (Japanese Painting Society).—Here young artists are to be found, such as Araki Jippo (son of Kampo), Hata Senrei, and Yamada Keichu.

TATSUMI GAKAI.—Matsumoto Yuko is the centre of influence here.

KENSEI-KAI.—Terasaki Kogyo is here acknowledged as one of the leaders.

FUTABA-KAI.—This is the society in which Gaho's influence is mostly felt. Among its leaders are Shunsui, Okakura and Miyake.

TENSHIN-SHA.—Gyokusho's influence is mostly felt here.

TOKUGA-KAI.—The centre of influence here is Kampo.

MUSEI-KAI.—Such promising artists as Hirafuku Hyakusui, Fukui Kotei, Yuki Somei, Shimasaki Ryuu are active here.

NANGA-KAI.—This association, which means Society of the Southern School, which paints almost exclusively landscapes, has such influential members as Noguchi Shohin (lady artist), Yamaoka Beikwa, Yamamoto Baiso of Nagoya, and Kodama Katei.

There is only one influential artist society in Kyoto, namely, the Bijutsu-Kai, where Seiho and others are doing their best to maintain a high standard of artistic excellence.

The existence of these different societies and other indications betoken activity among our artists. The unrest is a struggle—a struggle for supremacy, or, as some think, for existence. Whatever that might be, the fact that the future has in store a grave problem for Japanese pictorial art is not difficult to conceive in this age of ever-advancing science, which many a noted art critic regards as incompatible with the progress of Japanese art. The preparation for the solution of this problem rests with the Japanese artists of to-day.

LONDON, June 10, 1910.

JIRO HARADA.



"SEASIDE" (WATER-COLOUR). BY NAKAGAWA HACHIRO

The Glasgow School of Embroidery



EMBROIDERED PANEL BY E. C. KER

THE GLASGOW SCHOOL OF EMBROIDERY. BY J. TAYLOR.

THE Art of Needleworking is as old as growing fibre, spinning yarn, and weaving fabric, however rude the processes may have been, and only the impermanent nature of the production has prevented the earlier examples from accompanying the manifestations of other ancient arts in the long march to modern times.

Plying the needle is peculiarly a woman's occupation, suited to her temperament, attuned to her delicate touch, adapted to the sexual arrangement by which she is assigned a more secluded leisure. Queens and court ladies and women of the cottage have pursued the art, as pastime or necessity dictated, and if in the new order of things it became half forgotten, crowded out of recollec-

tion by some less womanly employments and pursuits, the matter might well form a subject for inquiry, but it would be ruled out of court as offering inadequate excitement for a restless age.

We are little concerned for the present with the psychological aspect of the question; it might be undeterminable whether the new direction of womanly activity is an effect or the cause of lessened interest in the higher domestic arts, but for many and obvious reasons the recent revival of the art of embroidering, so remarkably demonstrated at Glasgow, will be heartily welcomed by



EMBROIDERED PANEL "MARGUERITE"
DESIGNED AND WORKED BY MURIEL BOYD



*(Presented by the City of
Glasgow to the City of Lyons)*

BANNER DESIGNED AND WORKED
BY ANN MACBETH.

The Glasgow School of Embroidery



EMBROIDERED PANEL
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MADGE MAITLAND

all interested in the progress of art and the position of women.

If there be a difficulty in exactly determining the genesis of impressionistic painting, or the beginning of the modern decorative movement at Glasgow, it is no easier to fix the actual beginnings of the new needlework. Each new development in art activity is but a special manifestation of the all-embracing spirit of the modern renaissance; each and all are related and inter-related, springing as they do from the same mother source. If this is recognised anywhere it is in the busy city by the Clyde, where in schools and studios and households there is a great community of earnest, active artists and craft workers, following the quest of the beautiful with a devotion unsurpassed in any of the great periods in art history. There is no dilettantism in Glasgow's art; it is, above all, practical, adapted and applied to modern idea and requirement; no echo of a bygone time or tradition. If this be true of any phase of the city's art it is true of the needleworker's, as will be shown presently.

It was the London Exhibitions in 1851 and 1861 that demonstrated the depth of degradation to which the domestic arts had fallen; that held at Glasgow in 1901 revealed the strength of the new

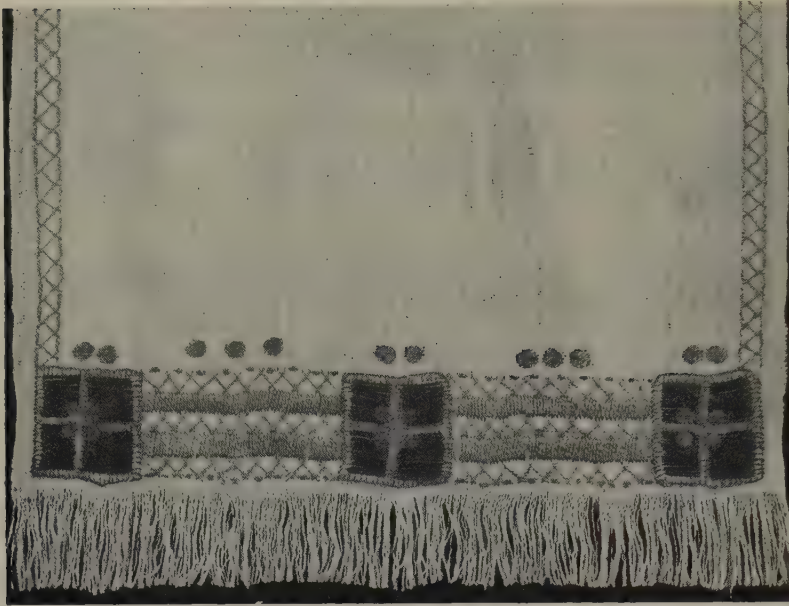
decorative movement. The first public recognition of the new embroidery was here; from this time it became rapidly and extensively popular; it proved a characteristic contribution on the part of the women to the problem of beautifying modern environment, and it has since been pursued enthusiastically by an ever-growing band of devotees.

The Glasgow School of Art, the most progressive institution of its kind, has been the inspiring centre for the new art in embroidery. There is scarcely a needleworker of note in the district who does not owe allegiance to the school and inspiration to its Professor of Embroidery, Miss Ann Macbeth, now working with a magnetic enthusiasm quite irresistible, laying the foundations of a



EMBROIDERED PANEL DESIGNED BY ANN MACBETH
WORKED BY MISS CHRISTIE

The Glasgow School of Embroidery



SIDEBOARD CLOTH

BY HELEN PAXTON BROWN

scheme in needleworking that may ultimately develop into a national art. A visit to the school any Saturday morning holds a surprise to the uninitiated. In one of the fine class-rooms in the new section at the top of the great building, where the thoughtful architect has introduced an abundance of light, there sit about a hundred young women, drawn from the teaching staffs of the Board schools in the West of Scotland, sacrificing well-earned leisure weekly in the interests of the advancement of a scientific system of art education.

The class is instituted by the provincial committee, and works under a system devised by Miss Ann Macbeth and Miss Margaret Swanson, and which, starting with the first simple stitches made by a child of six, taking note of the developments of plain needlework and the simple elements of decorative design, and making use of such con-

struction lines as seams and hems, to ornament with dots and stitches and other patterns, proceeds later, as the child develops to womanhood, to teach her to correlate drawing with the stitching, and finally to produce her own designs for beautifying her own garments, and for embellishing the household linen, the hangings and other adornments belonging to modern decorative art.

The hundred young women students are entering into the whole scheme with fervour, beginning with a type

of pattern fairly simple, which in turn they pass on to the pupils under their regular care, inculcating at the same time strict economy of method, by making use of simple, inexpensive materials, such as linen, cotton, crash, and the many beautiful fabrics of a cheap kind modern scientific manufacturing furnishes, to the exclusion of the



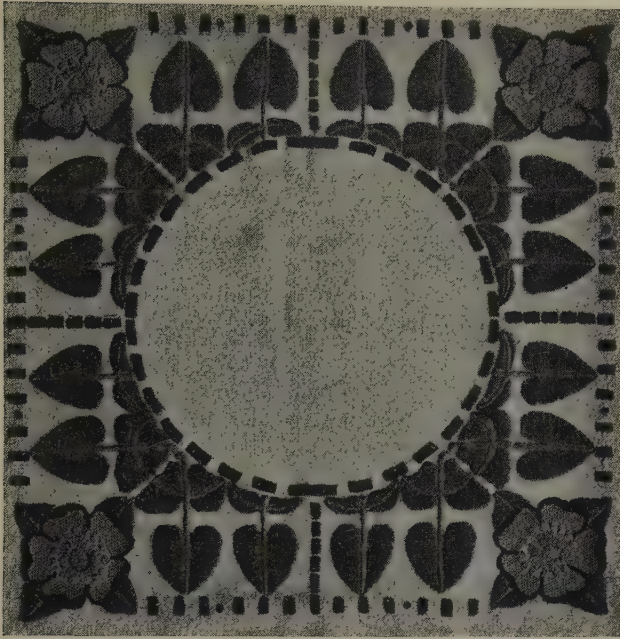
SIDEBOARD CLOTH

BY HELEN PAXTON BROWN



EMBROIDERED SIDEBORD CLOTHS BY
HELEN PAXTON BROWN,
RHODA WAGER, AND
MISS RUNCIE-MANN.

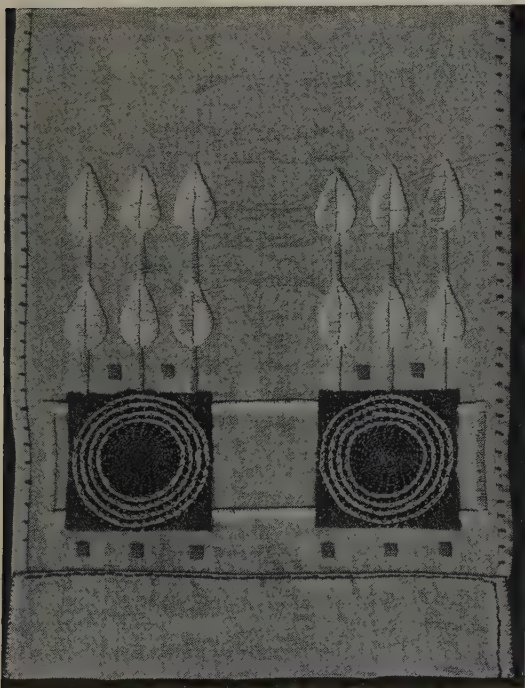
The Glasgow School of Embroidery



CUSHION

BY JENNIE McNAUGHT

costly, but really less artistic, silks and satins, considered by a past generation superlatively beautiful. The scheme is carefully tabulated, and the visitor can see at a glance the whole position; each move is as thoughtfully considered as in a game

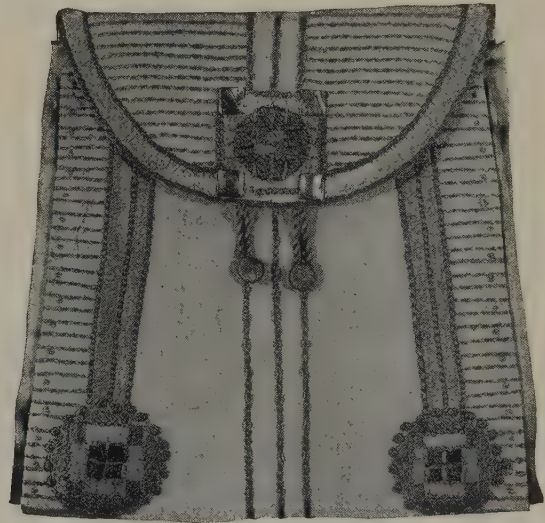


TOILET CLOTH

BY TINA H. FORBES

of chess. From the years six to seven the child is taught tacking, but in such an interesting way that she may even then claim to be an embroiderer.

The whole system of instruction in sewing in the infant department of schools has been wrong. It has proceeded in total ignorance or utter disregard of optical science, and only when the mischief has become serious is there some show of concern. Myopia is prevalent amongst younger girls at school; it is largely caused by setting them the task of making white stitches on a white garment before the eye has reached its proper focussing power, at the age of eleven to twelve. In the system inaugurated by Miss Macbeth the garment is white, but the stitches are coloured, and each row is in a different harmonising colour; the youth-



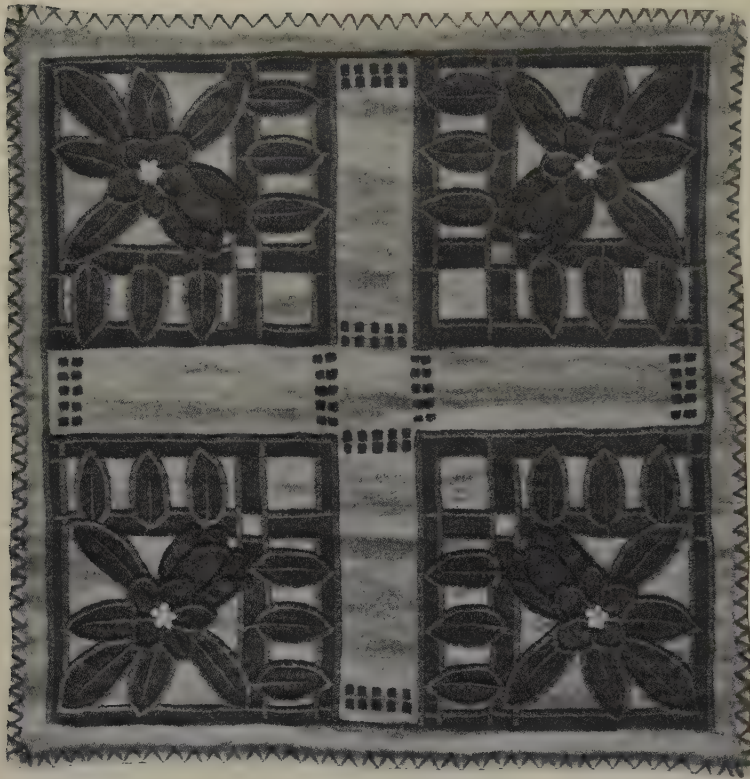
EMBROIDERED BAG

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY TINA H. FORBES

ful eyesight being thus carefully preserved, while the colour sense is at the same time being cultivated.

It would take too long here to enter into the minutiae of the scheme, to follow the child through the curriculum at various stages and ages, top sewing and hemming, from seven to eight; felling, running and false hemming, from eight to nine; working in two textures, herring-boning, pinking, pleating, darning and taping, from nine to ten; button-stitching, binding and cutting out from

The Glasgow School of Embroidery



CUSHION SQUARE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY M. L. A. EXCELL

ten to eleven; and gathering, tucking, stroking, etc., from eleven to twelve. It must suffice to say that in all this useful occupation the constructive and decorative is steadily kept in view, while the physical and moral well-being of the girl is always a matter of the most careful consideration. This was an unconscious following of the Japanese method, by which the child begins with a form of tacking, proceeds with the sewing of the national flower, the outline of which has been drawn by the teacher, finally making and decorating its own kimono. The scheme is ambitious and far-reaching; it may yet embrace every district and influence every

household in the country. Already it holds the promise of much success, and it receives the highest encouragement from the Scottish Education Department.

There is one point in which Glasgow is in advance of many districts. Students are early encouraged to make original designs; the system of copying or imitating is greatly discouraged. This is the secret of much of the individualistic character in the applied art at Glasgow; the training is all in the direction of cultivating both the art and the craft side of the student.

So much for the rudimentary aspect of the question, but there is the other, in which Miss Macbeth, with her great faculty for work and powers of organisation, is



CUSHION SQUARE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ANNIE PATERSON

The Glasgow School of Embroidery



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY PANEL

BY HELEN A. LAMB

also busily engaged. On several afternoons during the week adult classes meet at the School to pursue the higher branches of the art of embroidering, and a walk round the tables or an inspection of the finished pieces in Miss Macbeth's room gives pleasure of no ordinary kind to the æsthetic sense. A striking piece of work, recently accomplished, is the banner reproduced in colour as an illustration to this article. It is throughout the work of Miss Macbeth herself, and was commissioned by Ex-Lord Provost Sir William Bilsland, a man keenly interested in the art and craft genius of the city; it has now been presented to the city of Lyons, in fraternal acknowledgment of its gift to Glasgow of a worthy example of its famous silk manufacture.

Besides the School of Art, other agencies in

Glasgow are active in fostering a love for, and encouraging the practice of the new embroidery. Foremost amongst these is the Ladies' Art Club, with its popular periodical exhibitions of applied art, at which needlework always occupies a prominent position. Architecture, too, with its insistent demand for special decoration, is another factor in bringing into prominence the latest phase in embroidery, and it is surely one of the chief merits of the modern decorative style that every part is thoughtfully considered in its relationship to the whole, with a view to complete unity being secured. Some striking examples of the new needlework are to be found in the unique Tea Rooms that have become quite an institution in the city. They may decorate a chimney-piece, or a

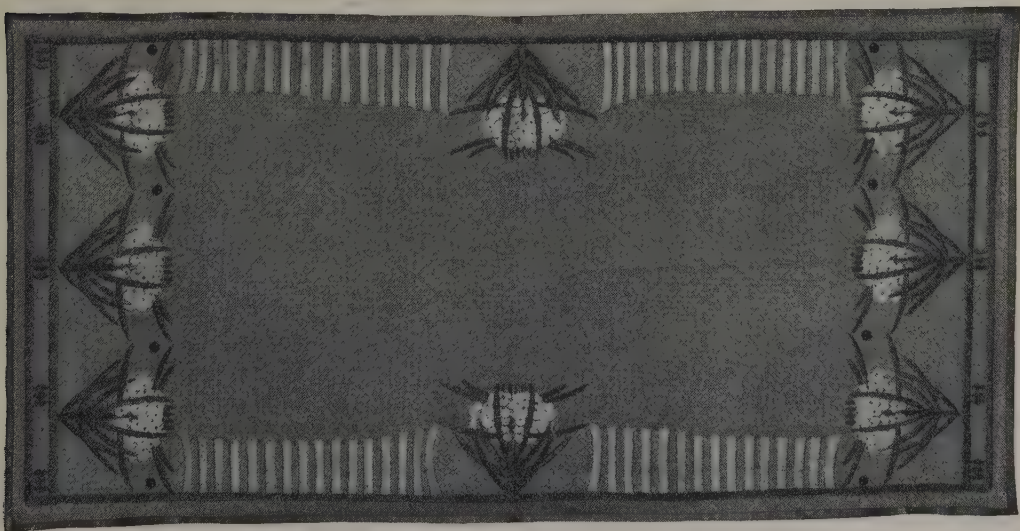


TABLE CENTRE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY HELEN PAXTON BROWN

The Glasgow School of Embroidery



ONE-HALF OF AN EMBROIDERED TABLE MAT

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY BESSIE F. MAITLAND

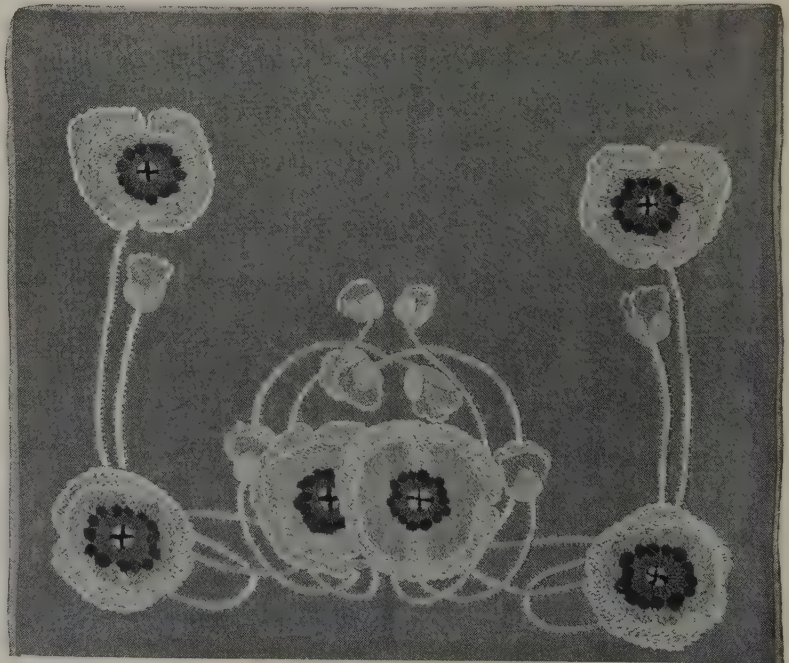
staircase, or serve on a casement curtain; they may illustrate some subtle idea in a delicate combination of colours, or show the simplest line design in such a novel scheme as black-and-white, and emerald-green. In any case they will be arresting because of simplicity of treatment and freshness of colouring, two essential features in all modern decorative art, faithfully rendered.

The contrast between the needlework of the Victorian era and that of to-day is simply the difference in the spirit of the times. Then Art slumbered, material was uninteresting, colour crude, and the decorative idea unintelligent. Now, Science and Art go hand-in-hand, to the making of beautiful fabrics there is no end, all the charming colours of every garden are offered to the artist, while the consummate skill of the craft-worker is ever ready to put the choicest idea into execution. A hundred technicalities enter into the production of the simplest fabric, and the

scientific lore of the chemist goes to making it beautiful in colour.

The needle-worker has a sympathetic basis on which to construct the latest idea in embroidery; it generally takes the simplest form, suggested mayhap by a garden or wayside flower, in which the chief charm lies in the skilful distribution of colour. Some authorities say that we move in cycles, and that a decorative idea repeats itself within a certain period. It must puzzle those to account for the modern renaissance, for, unlike that of the sixteenth century, there is no authority for it; it is not founded

on tradition, and has no resemblance to any style that preceded it. The new embroidery is common in this respect with the oldest arts; it takes the every-day things of life, and by a simple individualistic process seeks to make them beautiful as well as useful. This principle runs through all the teaching of the child, over which Miss Macbeth



NIGHT-DRESS BAG

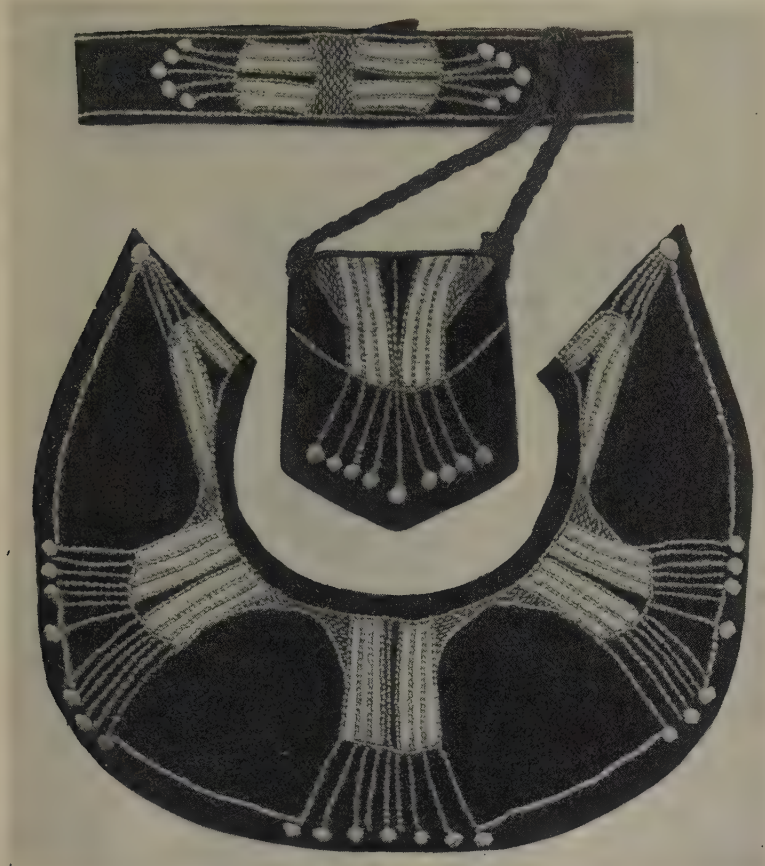
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY BESSIE F. MAITLAND

Designs for an Entrance Lodge

COMMENTS ON A SERIES OF DE- SIGNS FOR AN ENTRANCE LODGE.

FULL response has been made to our recent invitation to young architects and draughtsmen to send in designs for an Entrance Lodge for adjudication. The subject set has evidently appealed to them from the simplicity of the problem they had to solve, and, as a rule, the designs submitted are of a good standard of merit, both in design and execution, while it is pleasing to note that there are, as compared with former occasions, fewer designs showing an incompetence and ignorance that must irritate the assessor.

In the present case the



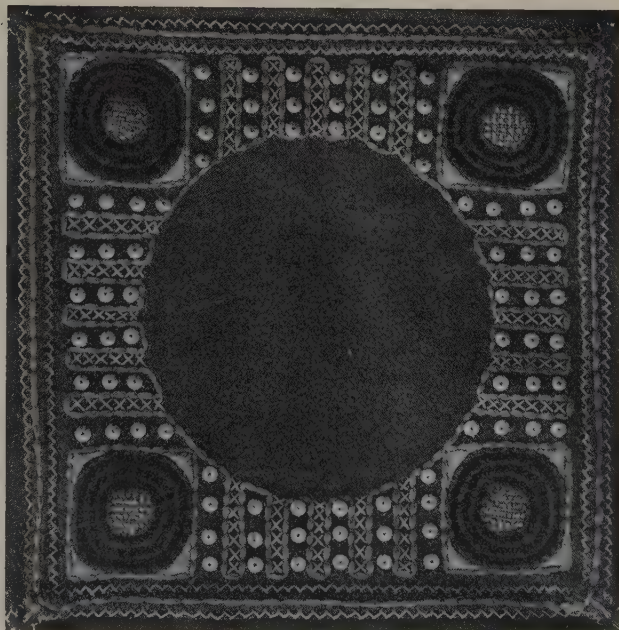
COLLAR, BELT, AND POCKET

BY MARTHA V. MACINTYRE

is willing to spend some of the best years of her life, and to which she readily dedicates her undoubted genius, as it enters into the highest form of expression modern art is capable of.

There are those who affirm that modern art is dead, that it was but the craze of an expiring century, with no excuse but the flattering tribute of a few perfervid followers to the genius of William Morris. Such dogmatism would not survive a visit to the Glasgow School of Art, and to the hundred studios in the city where Art and Craft are practised as if they began and ended in the individual exponents. This is one of the healthiest signs of the times ; it will prevent the recurrence of a period of degradation such as distinguished the Victorian age, and insure that Art will be perennially interesting, because in full sympathy with the time in which it is practised.

J. T.



FOOTSTOOL COVER

BY ELIZA McMURRAY

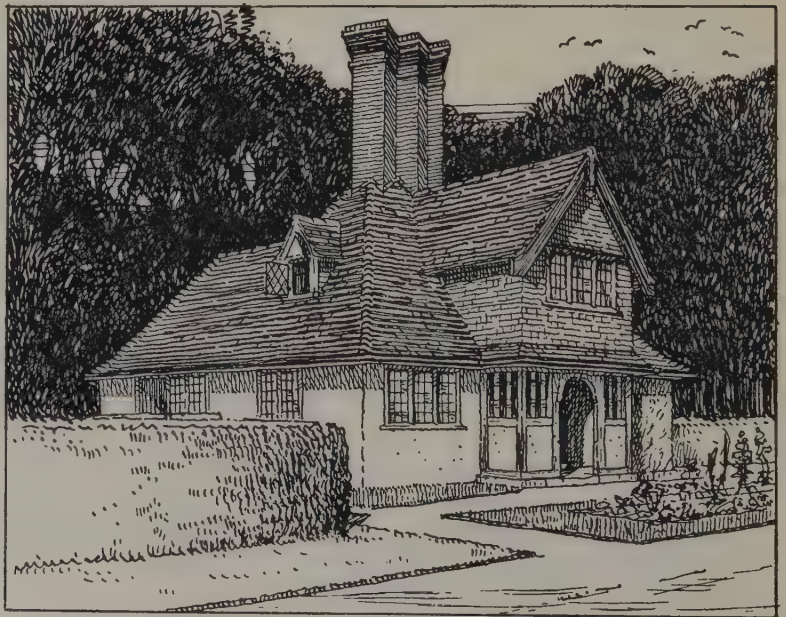
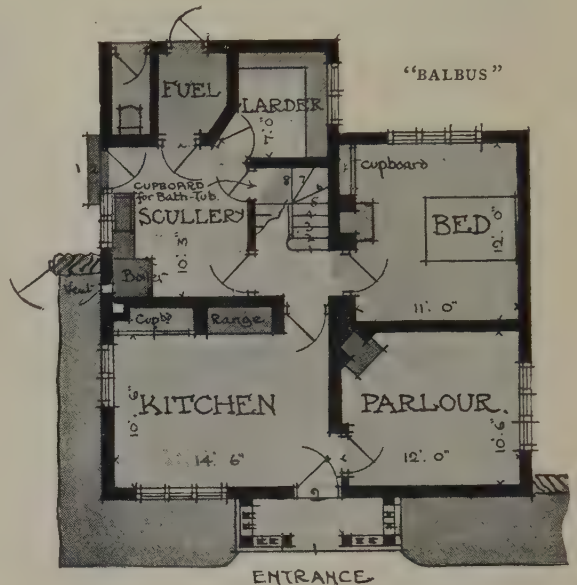
Designs for an Entrance Lodge

conditions stipulated were quite simple and easy of fulfilment. The Lodge was to be a one-storied structure; it was to contain a living-room, two bedrooms, a kitchen, and such outhouses and offices as would be appropriate to a building of this character; and finally it was not to cost more than £300.

Taking the question of cost first, we have to note that in not a few instances this has been a stumbling-block. Thus, *Georgian* could not hope to carry out his building at $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ His cubic contents largely consist of waste space in the roof which he employs as a loft (of not much use) no less than 24 feet by 12 feet wide. His kitchen range, by the way, is only 2 feet 6 inches wide. *Sara's* Georgian design with huge and too assertive chimney stacks it would be absurd to hope to see carried out at a price of $4\frac{1}{4}d.$ a cubic foot. His w.c., only 2 feet 9 inches by 2 feet 6 inches, he perhaps sets off against a hall 14 feet by 10 feet. *Designer's* elevation is also Georgian and too expensive. His parlour, 8 feet 6 inches by 9 feet 6 inches is, of course, inadequate. *X.Y.Z.*, again Georgian in treatment, sends a strongly drawn set with a good plan, but a design that is out of the question to think of executing at $5d.$ a foot. *Yvetot* also is expensive, and his plan is somewhat marred by the scullery being separated from the kitchen—never a good arrangement. Nor could *Lodge* or *Possum* (plain in treatment though the latter is) expect to carry out their buildings for $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ or $4d.$ *Balbus*, again, whose plan is very good and compact, expects to include in a $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ cube price a gable with oak shingles, and laying the floors with wood blocks. *Gate Keeper's* very pretty sets have ingenious and good plans, but $5d.$ and $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ are figures that ask for a rather more economical treatment. It is astonishing how universal is the assurance that the designs submitted could be built for the sum mentioned; indeed, in one case, for $1s. 1\frac{1}{2}d.$ less. However elaborate the building, however simple, the price stated per cubic foot manages to bring the cost

within the limit. It may be remarked that the price given, £300, is not an unreasonable one for a building of the character contemplated, although of course it would not suffice for an elaborate structure, and there is no reason why some of the designs we have received and which are at once substantial and attractive should not be carried out for the money.

Turning next to the matter of accommodation, we have to observe that in a few cases all the apartments we asked for have not been provided. In several otherwise excellent designs, for instance, the kitchen has been omitted, no doubt through

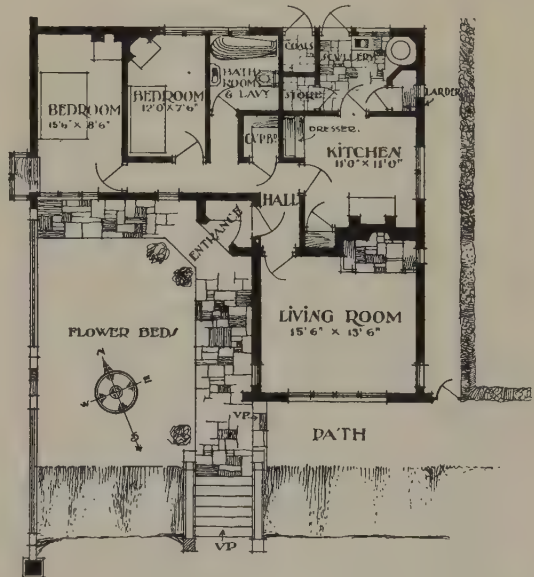
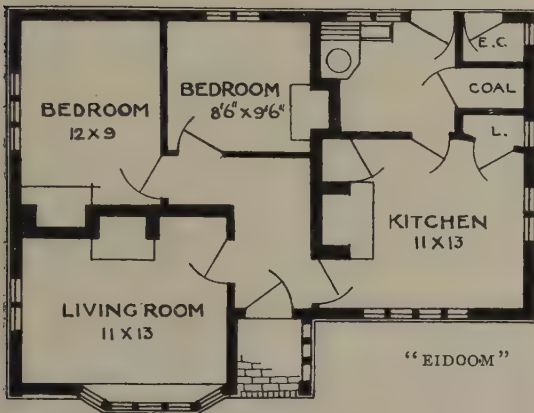


Designs for an Entrance Lodge



compact plan. He, as well as *Mother Hubbard*, reaches the kitchen from the living-room, and the latter, in addition, enters the bedrooms from the kitchen—neither of them good arrangements. The perspective of the latter design omits a chimney.

Both the designs sent by *Number Six* are good, and he has evidently borne in mind that the windows of both living-rooms should command the entrance gates, and has managed

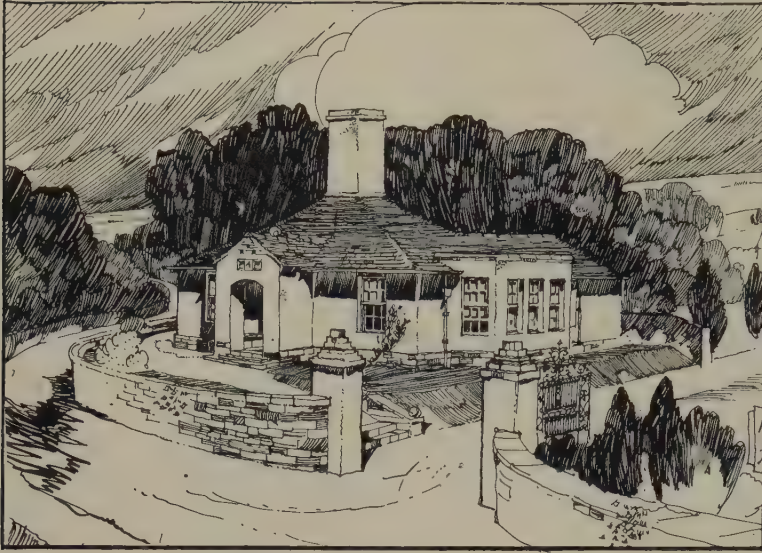


an oversight. It is, of course, not an uncommon thing for small lodges to contain one living-room only, which has to answer the purpose of a kitchen as well as a sitting-room, and where, as often happens, the occupants are a couple without family, the need of a parlour is not particularly pressing, though it is certainly a desirable addition in any case. Among those who have not provided adequate accommodation are *Pinakothek*, *Donavan*, and *Blodgie*. *Nimrod* only provides a very small kitchen and no scullery, and his curious angle turret with a tiny spire is not a very successful feature. *Swan*, again, omits the scullery, a blot on an otherwise careful and com-



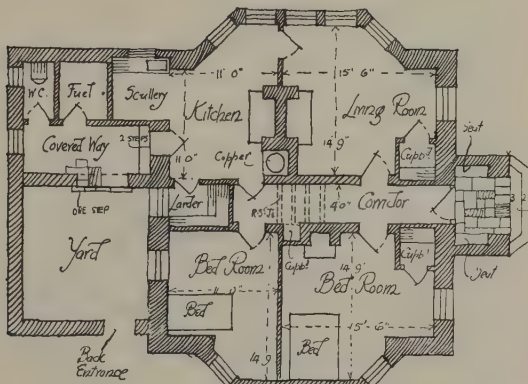
"CAPERNAUM"

Designs for an Entrance Lodge



wife, to whom the duty of attending to the gate usually falls, spends most of her time during the day. This is really an important point in the planning of a lodge, because if the room in which the woman is to be found at most times does not command the gate, her attention has to be attracted by a bell or in some other way, involving inconvenience and waiting. *Bun* will perhaps notice on reconsideration that it would be impossible to fix the kitchen fireplace under the stairs

as shown on the plan. *Sir Bevis* sends a very pleasant design, marred by the smallness of one, at all events, of his bedrooms. It should be remembered that as the lodge is usually assigned to a married couple, one at least of the bed-



"CORSTORPHINE"

this cleverly. In placing a circular window in the larder, he did not realize the impossibility of arranging, to a window which must be pivot-hung, the wire gauze necessary to keep insects out. It is to be wished that his entrance porch were a little more substantial-looking. *'Arf Pint* enters one of his bedrooms directly from the kitchen, and has placed his coals and w.c. too great a distance from the back door. The design of *Leo* it would be hopeless to carry out for the money. He has arranged a good look-out in the living-room, but none from the kitchen, where it is of more consequence, because that is where the lodge-keeper's



"ENORC"

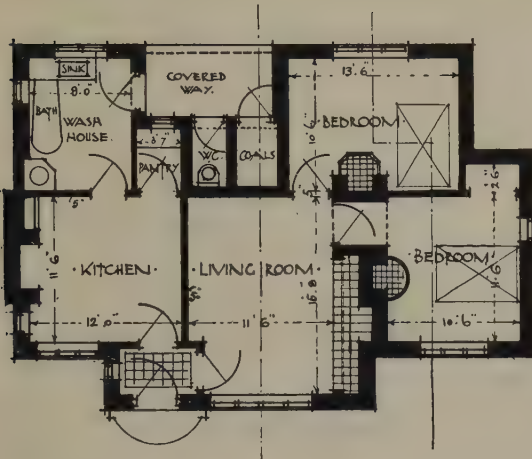


Designs for an Entrance Lodge



way would be avoided. *Veronique's* and *Rose Rouge's* designs are examples of this, as is that of *Vulcan*, whose kitchen we may note is only 11 feet by 6 feet 6 inches. His elevation, like that of *Shibli Bagarag*, a treatment of rough rubble walls, is simple and picturesque. *Camelia's* plan is good, but there is rather a long run from the door

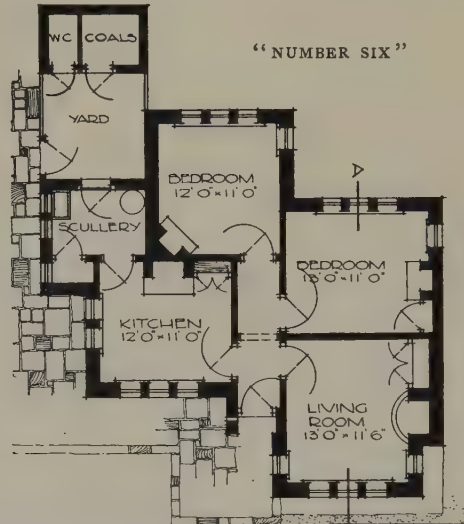
of the lodge to the gates. He also has forgotten that the living-room and not a bedroom should command a view of these, so that the woman, who usually attends to the gate during the day, can readily see when her services are required. His plan is one of the L-shaped form which has rightly



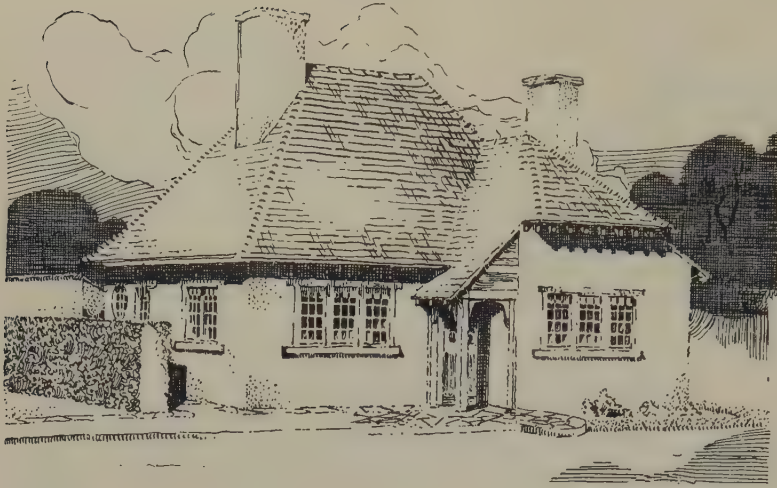
"OLAF"

rooms should be large enough to take a double-bed. If he had thrown the larder into the back bedroom, and built the former out by the side of the yard, it would have been an improvement. Unfortunately, also, his kitchen does not overlook the gates. *Dog Rose* sends a nice design, but there is an unpleasant gutter formed where the scullery block butts up against the main building. He sends a good and economical design.

In several cases the building has been placed right up to the boundary of the park or garden, so that the windows give directly on the road, not at all a good thing. With all the park to choose from, the building might surely have been placed where the noise and dust of the public high-

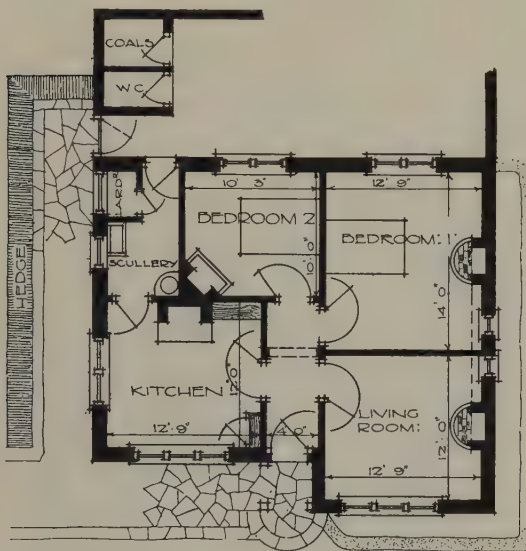


Designs for an Entrance Lodge

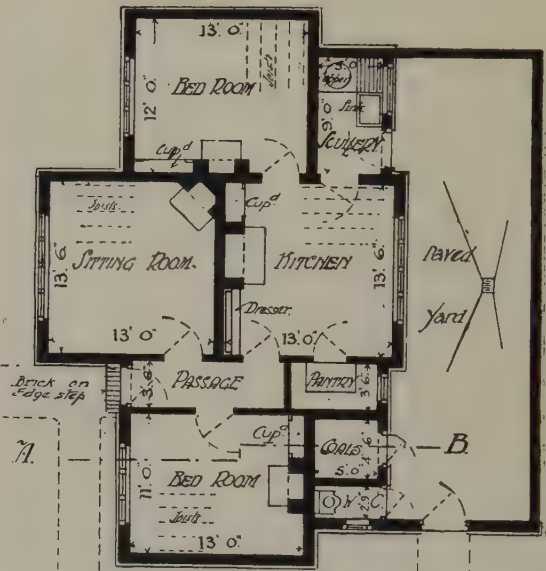


and his coal-cellar, again, is reached out of the scullery, and is only 4 feet 3 inches by 3 feet. His thatched elevation is a pleasing one.

Capernaum's is a very well drawn and thought out set, though he will notice that bedrooms 7 feet 6 inches and 8 feet 6 inches wide respectively are too small, and would fall short of supplying the proper amount of cubic space for a double-bedded room. Either the lodge is



"NUMBER SIX"



struck so many of those who have sent in designs as offering a good opportunity for picturesque treatment. Amongst these are *Arale*, who not very wisely places his fuel in the centre of the house, instead of the better arrangement at the back with an external entrance; and *Sombra*, who sends a good plan with quiet and pleasant elevations, to none of which does his rather weak drawing do justice. *Donavan* has also an L-shaped plan, with only one living-room



"ARF PINT"

Tintern and the Wye as a Sketching Ground

actually built on a higher level than the carriage road, or for present purposes he has imagined it to be so, and his design has gained in effectiveness from the treatment of this problem. *Enorc* in one set provides a bedroom only 9 feet square; his second design is simple and good, but might be improved by a slight re-arrangement of the porch, which would prevent direct entry into the living-room.

Corstorphine sends an excellent set, though the kitchen might well be larger, and his more than ample provision of cupboards takes much useful space out of the rooms. *Alban* also has a good scheme, though rather weakly drawn. The plan is good, except that the larder has an east light, and there is a rather useless gable over the entrance. *The Cricket* sends a well-drawn set; but the plan is capable of improvement. *Aggie's* perspective does not quite do justice to his design, which has a good and compact plan.

Cotswold's drawing, also, is not very effective, though his scheme is a pleasant and quiet one with parapet walls. *Eidoom* sends a pleasing half-timbered design with brick filling in. In most districts 9 inch brickwork is required behind wood quartering. The coal cellar is too small. Both *Possum* and *Hibis* have roofs with too flat a pitch for tiles. In *Olaf's* plan the bedrooms enter out of the living-room—a thing to be avoided where possible; but in other respects his set is excellent.

Vesper shows a living-room only 9 feet wide, and provides for very generous cupboards, but no larder with external ventilation. In *Winston's* design the rooms are all too small and are over-windowed, a remark which applies also to *Jande*. *Roycroft's* design is not helped by its perspective, or its colouring, and a large amount of his cubic contents consists of useless roof-space.

TINTERN AND THE WYE AS A SKETCHING GROUND. BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A., P.R.B.A.

WHEN I went down to Tintern, in the Valley of the Wye, I wondered if it were possible to find a subject in this famous sketching ground which had not been painted before. I knew that Turner had painted the ruins of Tintern Abbey in his incomparable style, and that Cotman had also immortalised the spot with his brush, each in all probability having selected that point of view which impressed him most.

I spent some days in trying to discover a position whence the beauty of the windings of the Wye best revealed themselves. Before me the river wound like a ribbon of azure, while on its banks the ruins of the famous abbey were set like a pendent jewel. I clambered over stony places,



LEAD PENCIL SKETCH

BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

Tintern and the Wye as a Sketching Ground

toiled across ploughed fields, and tried to discover the spot which inspired Wordsworth's famous poem :—

“ Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of a more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day has come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees ! ”

Many points of view suggestively fitting for the poet's pen did not lend themselves to the expression of those qualities sought after by the painter.

After making a wide circuit of the surrounding hills, I came to a spot which suggested to me that I might obtain the desirable point of view which would express the charming valley at its best if I went to the exactly opposite point to that on which I stood. After taking careful note of its bearings I retraced my steps to the opposite end of the valley. The approach to the point I wished to reach appeared to be blocked by a tangle of brambles and a confused mass of brushwood. Beneath this I observed the remains of an ancient pathway, the border of which had been at one time a wall and now had become a confusion of moss-grown stones covered with weeds and ferns. This old pathway had been disused for probably a generation, and it seemed to lead in the very direction I had marked from the opposite hill. Returning to the inn, the gardener with a bill-hook cleared my passage through a kind of tunnel of

greenery formed by the brushwood and overhanging trees. Through this somewhat damp passage I emerged into an open space which overlooked the landscape. I was almost on the spot I had marked from the other side of the valley, and down at my feet nestled the roofs of the little village. From this prospect I could see the blue water of the Wye forming a large curve, diminishing in width as it receded in the distance, eventually being lost to sight behind the shoulder of a hill.

The fields, houses and orchards below my feet formed an interesting design, and the ruins of the magnificent Abbey shone in the afternoon sunshine, which bathed the whole valley in that ineffable glamour so difficult to describe either by paint or words. One is not surprised that such a scene evoked the poetic expression of Wordsworth ; but there were beauties that



“CHEPSTOW CASTLE” (WATER COLOUR)

BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.



"CHEPSTOW CASTLE, ON THE WYE."
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY
ALFRED EAST, A.R.A., P.R.B.A.

Tintern and the Wye as a Sketching Ground

even that superb poet could not express—beauties of conjunction of form and colour to which none but the art of the landscape painter could do justice.

Leaving this little corner of beauty, the sunlit plateau on which the ruins stand, the sweep of the blue water, and the soft glamour of the hills, one passes by precipitous crags on the one side and gentle, undulating fields on the other, until, reaching Chepstow, there, rising on the brink of the widening river, stands one of the most interesting castles of a past feudalism. Here the landscape painter will find many subjects ready to his hand—in fact, all along the Wye there are innumerable opportunities for the man of the brush. Even in its upper reaches, by Ross and Rhayader, there are many fascinating things.

Few rivers in our country afford such a happy hunting ground for the painter as the Wye from Chepstow to Tintern, Symonds Yat, and away on, till we find ourselves among the Welsh hills where

the infant river takes its rise. No one can make a mistake in choosing that valley as a sketching ground. It is full of fine subjects for the landscape painter and charm for those who have the eyes to appreciate nature.

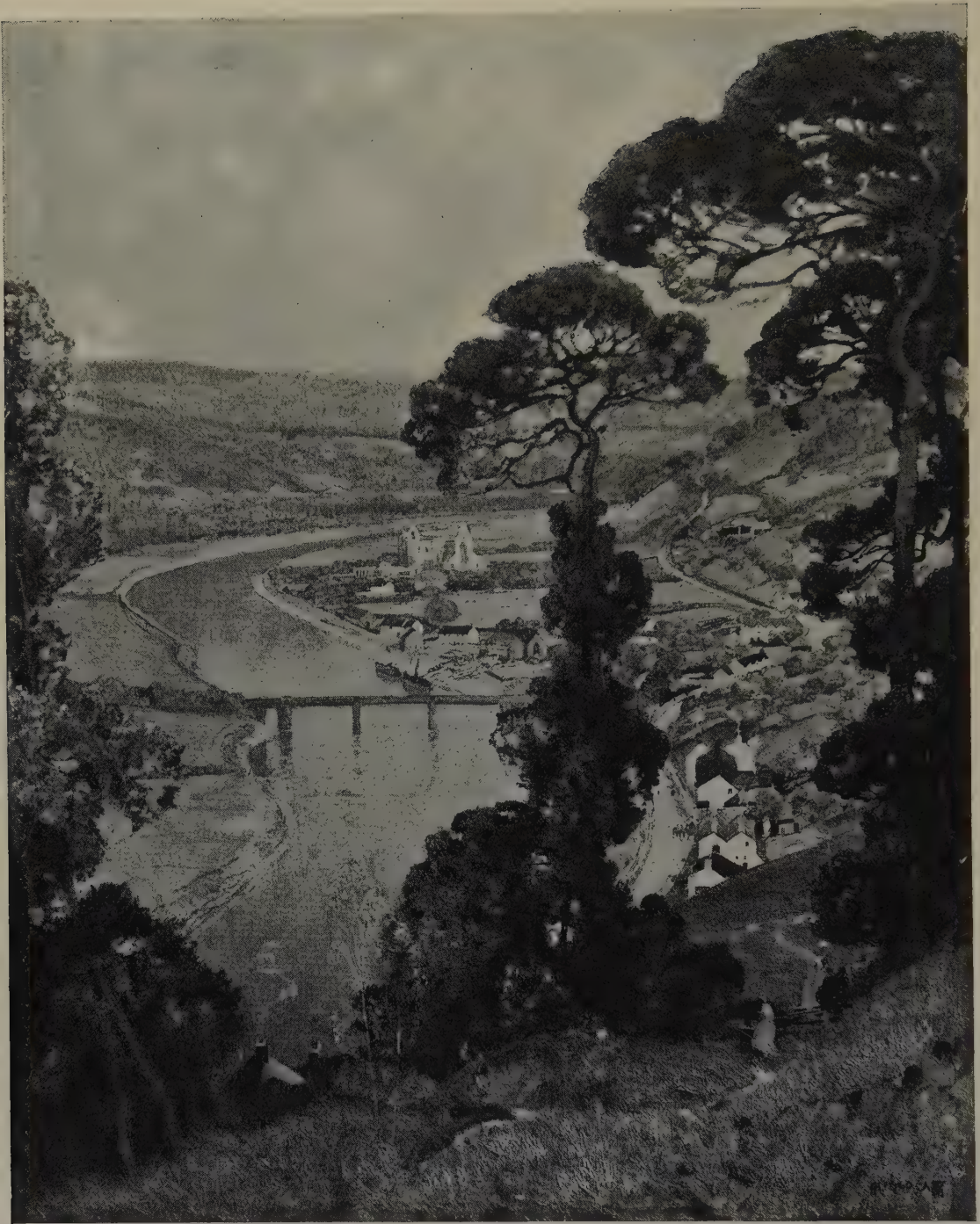
“How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye, thou wanderer thro’ the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!”

When visiting the Wye Valley, however, particularly in its upper reaches, one should not neglect to see the beautiful sketching grounds which are in the district of its tributaries, the Elan and the Claerwen. Here the artist will find charming little bits of sparkling water interspersed with moss-grown boulders, and with a background of heather-clad hills. If not so large in scale as in the valley of the parent river, they yet have a charm of their own and a peculiar beauty which must appeal to everyone. The sketch which is included with the illustrations will give the reader some idea of the upper reaches of the Claerwen



“THE WYE VALLEY” (OIL)

BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.



"TINTERN." FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.



"IN THE VALLEY OF THE CLAERWEN"

BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

and the lower district of the Elan, above and below the present reservoirs. A. E.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON. — The death of Sir Francis Seymour Haden, which took place early last month, is a great loss to the Royal Society of Painter-etchers, of which he was Founder and President. Born when George III. was King of England, he adopted surgery as his profession, in which he attained distinction, but concurrently with his surgical practice he indulged his love of art by devoting his leisure to etching, his first efforts in this field going back to the early forties. In 1847 he married Whistler's sister, and took up his residence in Sloane Street, Chelsea. It was while here, towards the close of the fifties, that he took up etching as a serious pursuit, and it is interesting to note that it was from No. 62, Sloane Street, that Whistler issued, in 1859, his "Twelve Etchings from Nature," after having the previous year published them in Paris. Besides a long series of etchings, in which he showed a partiality for landscape scenery, Haden executed a few plates in

mezzotint, one of which was reproduced in an early number of this magazine (May, 1897). Sir Francis received his knighthood in 1894, and was a Foreign Member of the Institut de France and the Académie des Beaux-Arts. On two occasions the Grand Prix was awarded to him.

In our note last month (p. 59) on the late Mr. Swan's drawings of animals, we remarked that a scheme was on foot to secure a large selection of them for the public collections. In the interval a public appeal has been issued asking for subscriptions to a fund for purchasing from Mr. Swan's executors a series of fine examples. The appeal is signed by Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, Sir George Frampton, Mr. Briton Riviere, and Mr. J. S. Sargent, of the Royal Academy, Lord Balcarres, Countess Fedora Gleichen, Sir Bouchier Hawksley, Sir Charles Holroyd, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. A. G. Temple, and Sir E. P. Tennant, Bart. Subscriptions may be sent to J. C. J. Drucker, Esq., of 24, Grosvenor Street, London, who has undertaken to subscribe a sum (not exceeding £500) equal to ten per cent. of the total sum promised, or payment may be made to the John M. Swan Memorial Fund, at the Bank of England's Branch in Burlington Gardens, London, W.



GARDEN IN WHITEHALL

PLANNED BY C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, F.R.I.B.A.

The illustration we give on this page of a garden planned by Mr. Harrison Townsend within three minutes' walk of Charing Cross, with its incessant turmoil and traffic, will come as a surprise to most people not conversant with the locality, which, notwithstanding the presence in the immediate vicinity of huge blocks of buildings, can still boast of being one of the pleasantest spots in London's central districts. The garden belongs to Mr. Lockett Agnew (of the well-known firm in Bond Street), who lately took No. 6, Whitehall Gardens as a residence. Originally it was a bare and arid expanse of grass running from the house to the Embankment, and though, as the lawns of the Temple Gardens, still nearer the City proper, show, grass will, when carefully tended, thrive in inner London if the situation is an open one, Mr. Townsend judged it expedient in this case to treat a considerable portion of the area as a town garden, and while reducing the quantity of grass, to surround the flower beds with walks paved with flagstones irregularly laid. The old tree shown in the illustration was allowed to remain as a relic of long past days, for it was probably

growing there when King Charles I. met his doom almost within a stone's throw of this garden.

The International Society's "Fair Women" Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery has rivalled its two predecessors in importance, whilst perhaps embracing the title "Fair" a little less loosely than formerly, and less as a mere appellation of courtesy. It succeeded in this, however, without tending at all towards prettiness, than which nothing could be more fatal in an exhibition of the kind. Old and modern painters are ranged together, and it is a good plan, the varieties in periods and types in themselves affording much that is of interest to the world at large. And this specialisation of subject in an exhibition also results in the recognition of painters whose gifts time has sometimes unjustly overlooked. In this exhibition the art of Daniel Gardener and T. G. Hurlstone are instances. Among pleasant features of these exhibitions are the revivals of phases of art to which the sentiment of yesterday clings, and also the lively contrasts between convention and rebellion. A little while ago who would ever have thought of honour

Studio-Talk

falling to Winterhalter and Manet in the same room? Millais' *Mrs. Bischoffsheim*; *La Belle Io*, by Gustave Courbet; Van Dyck's *Henrietta Maria*; the Velasquez *Donna Marianna of Austria*; Whistler's beautiful *Lady in White*; Ricard's *Dowager Countess of Granville*; Mr. Wilson Steer's *Pansies*, are a few of the many masterpieces that make the present exhibition such an exhilarating event to the lovers of art.

The New English Art Club's recent Exhibition was notable for the high average of success in the rank and file of its pictures, and for the fresh departures made in Mr. Wilson Steer's *Muslin Dress*, and two pictures, *The Rest* and *On the Irish Shore*, by Mr. Orpen, in which that artist strikes a new note, one of fantasy, as an apparent relaxation from the science of his usual craftsmanship. Also the exhibition is to be remembered for Mr. J. S. Sargent's *The Church of Santa Maria della Salute*, purchased for the Johannesburg Gallery. For the rest, well-known members like Prof. C. J. Holmes, Messrs. Mark Fisher, W. W. Russell, and A. McEvoy have been busying themselves towards perfection, each in his own vein, and, in some instances, noticeably adding fresh distinctions to his record. Mr. W. G. von Glehn's *The Salute*; Mr. A. Hayward's *The Delights of the Country*; a seascape by Mr. Wm. Nicholson; *Spring*, by Miss A. Fanner; *Devonshire Landscape*, by Mr. David Neave; *Elizabeth*, by Edith Gunther; and *The Two Hills* by Mr. Sydney Lee, should be especially mentioned among works of more recent members. The drawings section was eminently pleasant with Mr. Max Beerbohm's good humour as the foil to the sense of responsibility in the arts of drawing which it is the distinction of the "New English" always to have encouraged.

The Pastel Society's Twelfth Exhibition has a fault, and

that is that the spontaneity and suggestiveness of the pastel-touch are not exploited enough. Many of the works require examination to show that they are not paintings. This does not detract from their merit in drawing, or even in colour, and the standard set is a high one. But there is apparently no reason for choosing pastel if nothing distinctive of its own particular properties is arrived at. We have emphasised this point before, and always turn most readily to those artists who appreciate it, finding, as on former occasions, the true aims of a Pastel Society best expressed under the names of Messrs. A. S. Hartrick, L. Baumer, J. Pennell, J. R. K. Duff, Carton Moore-Park, W. L. Bruckman, Henry Fullwood, and R. G. Goodman. We can put no one before Miss A. Airy in this matter, and among women exhibitors she is best supported by Mrs. Dods-Withers, Miss L. Pelling-Hall, Mrs. E. A. Jardine, and especially Mrs. F. Mabelle Unwin. Mr. Frank Dean, one of the best exhibitors, might, we



"AT THE SOURCE"

BY A. LEWIN-FUNCKE

(In the Berlin National Gallery; see page 151)

think, allow more evidence of the touch of the crayon-point, and critic as he is, Mr. Lys Baldry should set a good example in this respect.

At the Baillie Gallery, Mr. W. Onslow Ford has been exhibiting Portraits and Landscapes. We prefer this artist's earlier period in the portraits of *Mrs. M. L. Ford* and *The Late E. Onslow Ford, R.A.* Also such works as the painting of *Mrs. W. Onslow Ford*, with its careful choice of browns, and *Mrs. Smith of Britwell*, show the highly skilful interpretation which the artist often takes pleasure in achieving. At the same galleries, the still-life studies of Miss Ruth Hollingsworth deserved high praise. Mr. J. W. Herald's art brings to our mind thoughts of the methods of many other artists in water-colours—Lee Hankey, E. A. Walton, and sometimes Charles Sims, or even Joseph Crawhall; often the artist arrives at effects of much charm by a clever adaptation of a Japanese point-of-view to the English methods. The influences thus apparent are probably quite unconsciously assimilated, and they do not detract from the unique and often happy results this artist has obtained, notably in *Arbroath*, or *On the Sands, Arbroath*.

The Ryder Gallery has introduced to the English public the tempera paintings of Count Napoleone Parisiani, an Italian landscape painter of much distinction. His exhibition was certainly to be counted among those which were most welcome last month. His colour and touch are sympathetic, and his pictures atmospheric.

A small Exhibition of the French Impressionists, including works by Manet, Pissarro, Degas, Sisley, and bronzes by Barye, has been a source of pleasure to connoisseurs at Mr. W. B. Paterson's gallery in Bond Street. The Dutch pictures by Mr. Nico Jungman, seen recently at 14, Regent Street, show that the painter is doing work as attractive and virile as ever, now fusing with his original schemes more of the traditions of Rembrandt and older masters of his country. The Spanish pictures of Miss M. Cameron at McLean's Gallery were of varying kinds, from life-size figure subjects to cabinet landscapes. These latter, perhaps, showed the most painter-like qualities and the feeling for atmosphere missed in some of the larger works. The Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, was particularly interesting last month with its full exhibition of Mr. Henry Fullwood's exquisite colour prints. Purchases from these have been made for the Royal Print Room in Dresden and for the Budapest



"THE DANCER" (BRONZE) BY A. LEWIN-FUNCKE
(Purchased by H.I.M. the German Emperor)

Gallery. The collection of etchings by the artist shown at the same time should go far to extend the reputation he enjoys.

The Leicester Galleries have lately held exhibitions of the work of Mr. Herbert Marshall, R.W.S., and Mr. R. Talbot Kelly, R.I., two well-known water colourists whose work is very familiar to all visitors at the Old Water-Colour Society and the Institute. Other exhibitions of the month include Mr. C. R. Peter's (of California) oil paintings, at the Walker Gallery; Miss Hilda Read's water-colours and Miss Florence Rimington's jewellery at

Studio-Talk

the St. George's Gallery; the water-colours of Lady Ford and Miss Mawe, the sea pictures of Mr. H. Branston Freer, and the paintings of Venice by E. Philip Cornish at the Doré Galleries; and pictures by Evelyn Fothergill Robinson and Evelyn Perceval-Clark, Maria Bödtker, and the Hon. Robert H. Scott at the Baillie Galleries.

BERLIN.—The sculptor A. Lewin-Funcke is one of our modest artists whose new works always widen his circle of admirers. He has lately been engaged on a monumental figure, *Sehnsucht* (The Longing), for a the Great Berlin Summer Exhibition. His groups and single figures have accustomed the public to an artist who always creates a harmonious impression, whether he strives for mere grace, for the emotional, for character, or the humorous. His tender lines are well suited to the marble material, but he can be also sharp and pointed for bronze

and wood. Lewin-Funcke was a pupil of the Berlin Royal Academy and owes much to Paris and Rome. The Berlin National Gallery bought his *At the Source*, in 1905, and the New York Metropolitan Museum has quite lately acquired his *Mother*.
J. J.

PARIS.—For some years now we in Paris have become accustomed to look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the annual exhibition of the Bagatelle, and indeed there could be nothing more charming than this wonderful setting, than these exquisite pavilions; placed, as it were, like jewels in the beautiful and tastefully laid-out grounds. In addition, the programme arranged by the Committee was an exceedingly attractive one; the Society offered to the public this year a fine exhibition of portraits of children by old and modern masters. The general level of the works shown was higher



"THE MOTHER"

(Metropolitan Museum, New York)

BY A. LEWIN-FUNCCKE



PLAQUETTE IN IVORY

BY ETTORE CADORIN

than on previous occasions, and this in particular applies in the case of the old masters. The works of Boilly deserved especial attention, for his technique, at times minute and again at times bold and large, entitles him to a place in the front rank. Drouais was also well represented by his two portraits of the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.), whose brother was the fortunate owner of the Bagatelle; and as to Lepicie, he is *par excellence* the painter of children, and his *Famille Leroy* was one of the most charming features of the exhibition. I noticed also remarkable works by Constance Mayer (1778-1821), Tassaert (1800-1874), Nicolas Fragonard, Marguerite Gérard and Greuze. Among the moderns, Georges Desvallières, who has recently held in Paris a most remarkable exhibition of his work, Geivex, Carrière, Blanche, Boutet de Monvel and John Alexander formed a most interesting group.

M. Ettore Cadorin, a talented Italian sculptor, whom the town of Venice commissioned to execute two statues to decorate the base of the Campanile, sent to the Société de la Miniature last year a glass case containing four bas-reliefs of small size, in ivory, worked with loving care and of quite

remarkable finish. As the sculptors of the Renaissance did in certain of their plaquettes, M. Cadorin carves his ivories in very light relief, so that his works, charming as they appear to be at the first glance, gain by being closely studied.

The Humoristes have this year again achieved their customary success, although the works shown, very interesting as they always are, did not contain any surprises or any very important manifestations of new talent. In particular I noted the collection of posters by Capiello, one of the masters of this art, and indeed the creator of the modern poster; the lively drawings by Faivre, the titles of which are quite rightly just as amusing; the graceful drawings by Legat, portraits of actors by de Losques, and the large panel shown by Louis Morin (a delightful artist, of whom I shall have something to say later). Among the sculpture one observed the work of Gir, who portrays with such force and such fidelity various aspects of life, and whose *Cirque Medrano* was one of the most successful pieces in the show.

Under the presidency of the Marquise de Ganay some *amateurs* had the happy idea of arranging, with a charitable aim in view, an exhibition of twenty chosen pictures of the nineteenth century. Although the exhibition contained nothing in the nature of a new revelation, yet one could not but appreciate the rare pleasure of seeing grouped together a few works, the great majority of which were of the very highest order. Corot was represented by a fine painting of figures in a landscape setting; and Ingres' portrait of a man was one of the most beautiful pictures of the nineteenth century, but Delacroix was less well represented. Daumier and Millet were the laureates of the exhibition, and their pictures were exceedingly fine; it seemed as though time had given an additional richness to their palette. Rousseau, Dupré, Daubigny, Diaz were represented by works all of equal charm and power. There were also some magnificent portraits full of charm and mystery by Ricard. Isabey, fine colourist and charming painter of *genre*, whom we do not sufficiently esteem nowadays; Courbet (a very strong figure-subject by whom was hung in the show); Jongkind, represented by some very beautiful landscapes; and lastly Monet, with some superb paintings, formed a charming spectacle, which held the attention of all visitors to the exhibition.

The Société des Lithographes Français, in which

Studio-Talk

that delightful artist Willette exhibits, had the excellent idea of arranging a retrospective exhibition in the Durand-Ruel Galleries of the work of Hervier. Every day this painter, who died in obscurity, gains in favour with the public, as, indeed, he deserves to do.

H. F.

MUNICH.—The change which has come about in recent years in matters pertaining to exhibitions here is intimately connected with the inauguration, some five years back, of F. J. Brakl's "Moderne Kunsthandlung." Shortly before that Prof. Emanuel von Seidl, the well-known architect, built a splendid house for Heinemann's Kunstsalon on the Maximilian Platz, and in the fitting up of its imposing galleries brought to bear all the resources of a practised master, so that when Brakl opened his establishment in the modest rooms of a tenement house in the Goethe Strasse, far removed from the centre of city life, the venture appeared to many to be a bold one. It is true that he entrusted to Prof. von Seidl the arrangement of the interiors and that this architect succeeded in giving to the rooms an aspect of ease and comfort. The few pieces of furniture—chairs, small tables and benches, together with the upholstery, carpets, and wall coverings in divers colours, and the natural lighting of the rooms—constitute just that kind of environment for the works of art shown in them which they were intended for; and as only a few pictures are displayed at a time, and are always hung with good judgment, their qualities can be seen without that depressing effect which the confused medley at our great picture-markets produces.

This method of exhibiting works of art, however, was not the only innovation. As the name "Moderne Kunsthandlung" implies, the institution was formed for the express and exclusive purpose of supporting the efforts of modern artists, and especially to encourage the younger men, who here in Munich find it doubly difficult to contend for recognition with so many well-known masters with big names already in the field. To such as these Brakl gave the opportunity they had so long desired of proving their prowess in collective exhibitions, and many a one who has attained to recognition owes his rapid advancement to these facilities at the "Moderne Kunsthandlung." Foremost amongst these were the members of the "Scholle" group, with whom Brakl was in intimate relation, and who, as a result of these ideal facilities, reaped considerable advantage.



"THE CHANTECLER HAT"

BY HUGO VON HABERMANN



"THE RED FIELD"

BY ANGELO JANK

True, they were already known through their work appearing in "Jugend," and by exhibiting in a body with the various Secession societies and also at the Glaspalast; but "collective" or one-man exhibitions, such as those in which we have now come to see the works of Fritz Erler, Leo Putz, Angelo Jank, Adolf Münzer, Max Feldbauer, among others, were not possible previously.

But the "Moderne Kunsthandlung" owes its acknowledged place in the art life of Munich not solely to the brilliant succession of special exhibitions which it provides month by month, but also to the large number of characteristic works it always has on show representing the various stages in the evolution of those artists whose path it has made smooth. It is from this permanent collection of works typical of the best art of modern Munich that those now reproduced with these notes are taken.

Prof. Adolf Münzer, who was lately appointed Professor at the Düsseldorf Academy of Art, is especially well represented in this collection. His picture *In the Birch Wood* shows us his favourite *motif*, the portrayal of beautiful women in all the charm of youth, and in the play of the sunbeams on the slender tree stems, it admirably displays his mastery in dealing with complex light problems. Prof. Angelo Jank, whose monumental wall paintings for the Reichstag building were so much talked about last year, is a master in the painting of hunting pictures, and delights in problems of colour and movement, in the solution of which he

is most successful. These pictures, though of somewhat small dimensions, have nevertheless a certain largeness and decorative quality in them, and both in composition and in colour treatment are so well balanced as to be always a source of pleasure. His rendering of the equine bodies and limbs is anatomically sound and betrays no hesitation. His draughtsmanship points to careful observation and a highly developed sense of form, which in combination with other good pictorial qualities gives to the artist's works, notwithstanding certain resemblances they bear to one another, a note of novelty that saves them from the charge of being monotonous, while it keeps the artist free from that superficiality into which so many who give themselves to specialization run the risk of falling. In Prof. Hugo von Habermann's fluent pastel *The Chantecler Hat*, is discernible that decorative quality which gives such a peculiar charm to his oil paintings—mostly feminine figures without any special physical attractions but of a capricious fascination and a piquant elegance which is unsurpassed. All his pictures have a certain ornamental character in them—not only in the movement of the bodies and the folds of flowing gowns, but even in the tresses of hair and the facial expression there lurks a certain conscious play of lines which in conjunction with the really wonderful colour harmony of the artist's later works imparts to them a peculiar gracefulness.

In quite recent exhibitions at the Moderne Kunsthandlung were to be seen the vivacious drawings of Emil Preetorius, who delights in



"IN THE BIRCH-WOOD"
BY ADOLF MÜNZER



"NELLY" BY HEINRICH RAUCHINGER
(Künstlergenossenschaft, Vienna)

exposing human weaknesses and vanities; and Heinrich Kley, well known by his illustrations in our leading comic journals, has been showing a collection of his humorous pen drawings, satires in an ancient Greek dress and animal pictures full of boisterous mirth, and a series of capital paintings in which he has essayed with rare power to give a fresh interpretation of the theme of Menzel's *Iron Mills*. Ernst Kropp's pictures of Brittany, often very daring in their colour schemes but still always well composed, and a few animated portraits of recent execution witnessed to the mature and virile talent of this artist. L. D.

VIENNA. — The *clou* of the Spring Exhibition at the Künstlerhaus this year was undoubtedly Mr. Frank Brangwyn's *Return of the Canaanites*, which made a great impression on the Viennese public, who had hitherto known him only as an etcher. Besides this work a collection of his etchings and drawings was shown and he was awarded the large Gold Medal for his etching *The Bridge of Sighs*.

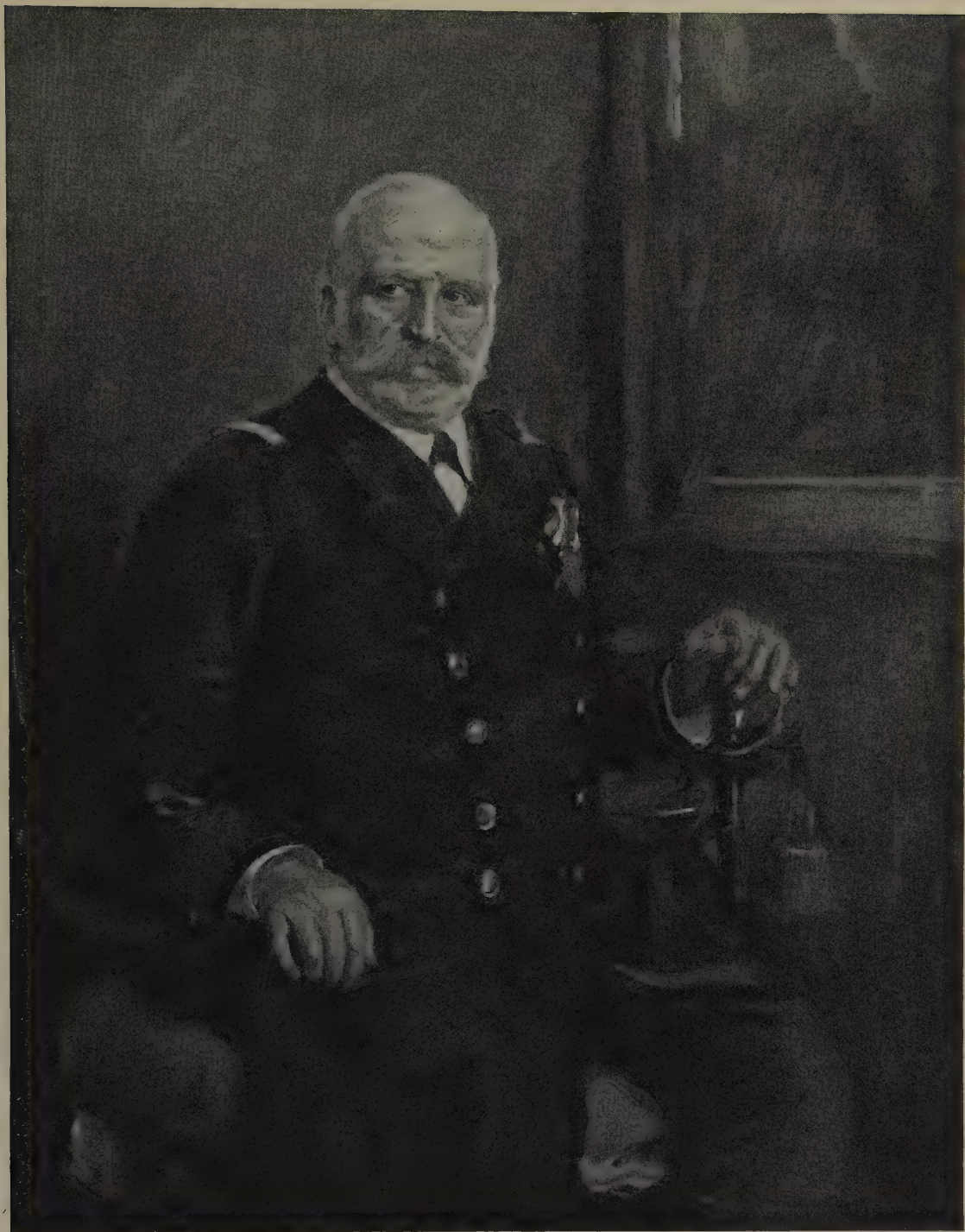
Portraits, as usual, were a prominent feature. Wilhelm Victor Krauz was at his best in his portrait of *Admiral Count Montecuccoli* and in that of *Frau Lotte Witt*, the well-known actress. Nicholas Schattenstein's *Frau G. W.* is charming as a

portrait, though the colour scheme of greys and lavenders against a white background is somewhat cold. A new-comer, Guido Arnot, made a good impression with his two portraits, that of a gentleman being exceptionally clever. There is a certain elegance in his pictures which make them singularly attractive. Prof. Kasimir Pochwalski's portrait of *Hofrat Dr. Lang* is essentially a strong work full of character and broad in treatment. Heinrich Rauchinger has hitherto been best known as a painter of the sterner sex, but his *Nelly*, shown on this occasion, proved that he understands the gentler sex. Robert Schiff, H. Torggler and K. Gsur were all well represented, while John Quincy Adams, and the older artists, such as Prof. Angeli, László, Leopold Horowitz, each contributed excellent examples of his art.

Among the landscapists characteristic work was shown by E. Kasparides, A. Zoff, Tina Blau, H. Darnaut, E. Zetsche, Max Suppantisch, O. Grill, von Mytteis and E. Windhager. E. F. Beck's *Bauernhaus in Winter* is well drawn, the dark tones of the old house telling well against the foreground of snow. E. Brunner's *Eilende Wolken* shows a fine feeling for atmosphere; and the rapid movement of the clouds is well conveyed. Adolf Kauf-



"A FOREST STREAM: WINTER" BY FRITZ PONTINI
(Künstlergenossenschaft, Vienna)



(Künstlergenossenschaft, Vienna)

PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL COUNT
MONTECUCCOLI. BY W. VICTOR
KRAUSZ

Studio-Talk

mann contributed some dreamy scenes from Holland. Thomas Leitner's *Old Cemetery in Zara* is both majestic and solemn, while his *Hohe Veitsch* shows him as the child of the mountains, whose moods he is familiar with. J. Sternfeld's *Das Teetischchen* is a dainty bit of interior painting. Otto Herschel again manifested his peculiar gift for painting drapery. Isidore Kaufmann and Lazar Krestin contributed some of those studies of Jewish types for which they are justly famous, and Adalbert Ritter von Kossak, the well-known Polish painter of battle pieces, was represented by *Aus dem Sturm auf Warschau, 1831*, done in the artist's best manner. Some delicate etchings by Ferdinand should be named, as also Fritz Pontini's coloured etchings of places in Bohemia, and water-colour drawings by Ernst Graner.

At the Spring Exhibition of the Secession the work shown was, as a whole, on a high level, and some few works were of exceptional interest. Vlastimil Hoffmann, the young Polish painter, showed some village Madonnas of singular charm and beauty. Wladislaw Jarocki chooses other themes of Polish life, scenes from the Carpathian with the people in their national dress, and his work is also rich in colour. Stefan Filipkiewicz' studies of still life and "Interiors" show firm drawing and a fine feeling for composition. Artur Markowicz, as usual, exhibited studies from Jewish life which he knows so well how to depict. If I mistake not, he is a pupil of Axentowicz, and, like his master, has a peculiar love for pastels. In Anton Novak's *Krautmarkt in Brunn* everything is teeming with life and movement and colour. One must know this old Moravian town to understand how faithful a representation it is. Ferdinand Kruis gave us market scenes from Nürnberg, also instinct with bustle

and movement. Otto Friedrich's scenes from circus life; Alois Hänisch's studies of Schönbrunn, with its old formal gardens and clipped trees. A. Zdrazil's *Stürmischer Tag*, an admirable rendering of stormy weather; Richard Harlfinger's views of *Innichen* and *Toblach*, in South Tyrol; the portraits by Johann Victor Krämer and Ludwig Wieden; the latter's Schönbrunn studies; and the varied contributions of F. Hohenberger, Hans Tichy, Hubert von Zwickle, F. König, Ludwig Rösch, Max Esterle, L. Stolba, and Hans Frank, offered many points of interest.

Franz Wacik's four tempera paintings, *Der Wundervogel*, *Das tapfere Schneiderlein*, *Die blaue Blume* and *Die Waldfrau*, betray a highly imaginative nature with a penchant for decorative expression. His colouring is at times sumptuous and always beautiful. Maxmillian Liebenwein is another teller of fairy stories who takes especial delight in depicting the knights of old and other old-time subjects. R. Jettmar's work is eminently decorative in feeling, his motives this time being



"MAEDJE"

(Künstlergenossenschaft, Vienna)

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS



(Vienna Secession)

"THE WONDER BIRD" TEMPERA
PAINTING. BY FRANZ WACIK

old castles, ancient cities, and children wandering in enchanted woods. Of Albin Egger-Lienz's two contributions, the chief was, of course, his large tempera painting destined for the walls of the Vienna Rathhaus, the subject, taken from the Nibelungenlied, representing the entry of King Etzel and Krimhild into Vienna for the celebration of their nuptials—a monumental work treated in a broad manner. Oswald Roux's studies of old-world towns and villages were noteworthy for their richness of colour and excellent drawing. Good work was also shown by R. Nissl, Maxmillian Lenz, Hermann Grom-Rottmayer, Adolf Leber and Sebastian Isepp. Franz Gelbenegger's picture of Sievering, once the haunt of Beethoven, Schubert, Moriz von Schwind, Grillparzer, and other famous men, is an exquisite rendering of the time-honoured spot with its old houses set amid poetic gardens.

A. S. L.

VENICE.—At the Venice International Art Exhibition the display, nowadays, resolves itself into a series of special exhibitions. This arrangement has the drawback or advantage, whichever way one happens to take it, that being in such close juxtaposition these separate groups prompt direct comparisons which for the artists are not always agreeable, though the general public may derive instruction therefrom. This year, too, the Italian works, with which alone we are concerned in these notes, are displayed in a series of "one-man" shows and groups arranged on a topographical basis. It is the custom, and one which the history of Italian art fully justifies, to make these groups correspond to the principal divisions of the country—that is according to provinces. At the present day this point of view seems to be founded rather on superficial circumstances than on any intrinsic affinities.



"VEGETABLE MARKET IN BRÜNN"

(*Vienna Secession*)

BY ANTON NOVAK

Studio-Talk



"THE END OF THE DAY"

BY PIETRO FRAGIACO

Passing over the Piedmontese saloon, which seems to wear the same aspect year after year and gives no sign of new impulses at work, we enter a

small room in which are shown an attractive collection of forty-three pictures by Italo Brass, mostly of small dimensions. At a time when this



"A LA COLONA DE TODARO"

BY ITALICO BRASS



"THE WIDE HORIZON"

BY ETTORE TITO

artist was almost entirely ignored in Italy THE STUDIO drew attention to him, and it is gratifying to me to be able to say that in this special exhibit of his here, he holds his own. He is a most loyal chronicler of contemporary Venice, and a man endowed with a sound understanding and fresh outlook. There is something piquant and sparkling about his colour, with its delicate silvery tones; gentle breezes blow over his lagoons, grey, transparent clouds float away to the horizon, and we feel as if we could take a deep draught of the salt-laden atmosphere. And he peoples his piazzas, his streets and narrow alleys, his processions, regattas and the seashore with figures which, painted with a nervous touch, seem to have grown up in this *milieu*, and are not merely sketched-in details. Brass is never sentimental, but he is apt to be bizarre at times and capricious.

In the next room there is a portrait of the actor Benini enveloped in a flashing red mantle. It is

the work of Glauco Cambon of Trieste and is painted with much energy and freedom, giving the impression of having been done on the instant without much hesitation or preconception. In the same room another painter who is not to be forgotten is Guido Marussig, a young artist of sensitive perception, who, thanks to his vivacious temperament, awakens our interest in his work, which is always distinguished and delicate in its tonality.

In the room assigned to the works of Pietro Fragiaco we find ourselves in the presence of a commanding and rare talent. Mysterious evening strains, soft twilights, find utterance in his canvases; all the world seems sunk in repose and even the waters of the sea seem too listless to ripple. In his lagoon pictures the yellow or drab sails of the fishing boats often make a beautiful contrast with the blue-green of the water. His landscape *The End of the Day*, here reproduced, with its sappy, delicately stippled greens and its background suffused with golden tones is charming in its

effect. Here the painter's masterly management of light has resulted in a truly admirable work.

Another work that deserves mention is the portrait by Arturo Noci, the Roman painter, of a lady in an evening gown of spangled tulle, a *crêpe-de-chine* scarf of violet hue, and a black hat. It is a work that commands attention by the easy attitude of the sitter and the natural expression of her features.

Passing now to Ettore Tito, the most spiritual as he is the most distinguished among contemporary Italian artists, although so recently as last year we saw a special exhibition of his works, the collection shown on the present occasion proves that he has lost none of his youthfulness and freshness, so that it was impossible to refrain from bidding him a grateful welcome, for when contemplating his works one cannot help being filled with a feeling of joyousness. His beach scenes, peopled with naked

Studio-Talk

humanity whose bodies the rays of the setting sun illuminate with a brilliant glow of light and warmth, are not only attractive pictures but they are veracious transcripts of nature. In *The Wide Horizon* there is a fine play of light on the white bathing gowns of the blond and auburn-haired ladies, while the foaming waves lit up by the sun make one of the most singular contrasts. The artist's picture *The Net* is painted in bold strokes and with much *verve*. The unspeakable charm of colour and the extraordinary technical facility displayed in this work, in which we see not only an impression but expression, excite our admiration. In short it is Tito's resourceful mastery of nature's secrets and his genuine artistic temperament which in these as in other works constitute his great gift.

Amongst the painters of the Venetian group, Alessandro Milesi has harked back to the fluid style of painting, while Trajano Chitarin is all aglow and semi-bucolic in his *Entrance to the Wood*, in which the tree trunk is painted in a fierce red. In this latter painter's work the lyric note is always pronounced.

Coming now to the Lombard group, one must note with regret that Filippo Carcano is very meagrely represented. He is a realist to his finger tips. He has taken scent of the earth with its many and diverse odours; he has looked at it freely and with a keen vision; the verdant, flower-laden pasture inspires in him only a sentiment of affection, and he is on terms of friendship with the rolling clouds, the snowy Alpine peaks and the mountain brook tumbling and splashing from rock to rock. Giuseppe Carozzi's nocturnal landscape reveals to us the sympathetic side of this artist; the intense loneliness of this night, which he depicts so feelingly, with its transparent veil of mysterious shadows, inspires one with a sense of weirdness. The artist's lyric nature is happily revealed in this work, and so, too, is his highly personal outlook.

We may, without any misgiving, pass over the Tuscan and Neapolitan rooms; nor is there any need to linger long over the collection of tempera paintings by Francesco Paolo Michetti. In the room assigned to young artists most of the things appear to have already grown old, and



"THE NET"

BY ETTORE TITO

Art School Notes

need not detain us. In another of the rooms are gathered together a number of impressions of England and the Roman Campagna by Onorato Carlandi, whose work is familiar to most readers of *THE STUDIO*, and there are also special exhibits of the works of Scattola, Miti-Zanetti, and Sartorelli, which should not pass without mention, but as the space at my disposal is exhausted, I must refrain from saying more about them on this occasion.

L. Br.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—Last summer, in a small gallery in Baker Street, was held the first exhibition organized by the then newly-founded Calderon Art Society, composed of past and present members of the School of Animal Painting in Baker Street. The first

exhibition was so well received that the Society was emboldened to attempt a higher flight, and its second show was held last month in the immediate neighbourhood of Bond Street, at the gallery of the Alpine Club. The enterprise of the Calderon Art Society in taking a West-end gallery was justified by a capital exhibition of paintings and drawings, in which the proportion of inferior work was very small indeed. The show was strengthened by contributions from Mr. W. Frank Calderon, President of the Society, and from Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A. and Mr. Vereker Hamilton, both of whom have worked in the open-air classes of the School of Animal Painting. Mr. Calderon, who on the opening day of the exhibition received the welcome news that his picture at the Salon had been awarded a gold medal, showed among other things a painting of exceptional quality of a white horse

in a meadow *Study in Sunlight*. Sir Ernest Waterlow sent a group of delicate and sympathetic water-colour landscapes, and Mr. Vereker Hamilton *Roses after Rain*, and one or two other oil sketches of interest.

Miss Florence Walker's water-colour *The Barn*, an interior rich and deep in tone, was one of the most accomplished works in the exhibition. Other good studies in the same medium, hanging close by it, were the *Santa Maria della Salute*, and *The Downs*, by Miss Mary S. Hagarty, and the pastoral *The Day's Work Done*, by Miss Jessie Hall. *The Blue Jersey*, by Miss E. G. Wolfe, showed originality and promise. It was a painting in oil of a girl in a blue bodice and white skirt stopping on her way through a field of green corn to gather flowers and grasses, treated in a curiously individual fashion and with a fine



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

BY ARTURO NOCI

Reviews and Notices

feeling for light and atmosphere. Another work of originality was Miss Phyllis Woolner's *Blackthorn Blossom*, a picture of meadows, attractive in spite of its somewhat crude greens. *The Lonely Farm on the Marshes*, with the white mist creeping over the damp ground, was perhaps the best of several good landscapes by Miss Grace L. M. Elliott. The drawings in the exhibition included a sheet of studies in red chalk of young whippets, by Miss E. K. Westrup, and another by Miss M. Crabtree of studies of a bloodhound in pencil touched with colour, both worthy of high praise, and some characteristic portraits in pencil by Mrs. H. B. Wiener. Of the many other works of interest it is possible to mention only Mr. Ralph Smith's water-colour *View in Yorkshire*; Miss C. M. Sprott's well-handled *Study of a white pony*; Mr. R. C. Weatherby's portrait; Miss M. Coldwell's *Evening in the Harvest Field*; the military sketches by Mr. J. R. L. French, son of one of our most distinguished soldiers; and the work of Mr. Norman Little, Mr. Edwin Noble, Miss M. H. C. White, Mr. F. Whiting, Countess Helena Gleichen, Miss L. Lockwood, Miss J. Burges, and Miss Hilda A. Walker. Mr. W. Frank Calderon will this year hold the summer out-door classes of the School of Animal Painting, at Henwick, near Newbury, Berks., commencing on the 1st August, and concluding on September 10th.

At the Royal Academy Schools the new regulations, concerning which some information has already been given in these notes, have been issued, and will come into force when the students re-assemble after the summer holidays. The newly appointed curator, Mr. Clark, will, it is understood, supervise the elementary classes that are to be revived in October.

An excellent list of subjects has been chosen for the "Gilbert-Garret" Competition this year. The subjects are as follows:—Figure, "A Festival"; Animal, "In the Shade"; Landscape, "Early Morning"; Design, "A Frieze"; and Sculpture, "The Captive." The competition, which will be held in October or November, is one in which, during the past forty years, all the sketching clubs attached to London schools of art have at some time taken part. This year, for the first time, it is proposed to admit provincial clubs to the competition, of which full particulars can be obtained of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. Grey, at 3, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

W. T. W.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Renascence Tombs of Rome. By GERALD S. DAVIES, M.A. (London: John Murray) 21s. net. —Although from an æsthetic point of view the renascence tombs of Rome cannot vie with those in Florence, they are, as proved beyond a doubt by the Master of Charterhouse in his scholarly and richly illustrated monograph, quite unrivalled in their historical importance. True there are many lamentable gaps in their sequence, so ruthless has been the destruction of monuments, notably of those once enshrined in the ancient basilica of St. Peter's that should have been religiously preserved as heirlooms of the nation, but those that remain are of great value, touching as they do, says Mr. Davies, "the history and the culture, the art and the letters, the virtues and the shortcomings of their day and city at every point." After summing up in an able essay the qualities that necessarily differentiate funereal from any other class of sculpture—in which, by the way, occurs a beautiful description of the ideal of sleep—the well-known critic passes in review in chronological order the most noteworthy tombs in the Eternal City, giving brief abstracts of the life stories of those they commemorate, defining the peculiarities of each group of sculptors, and noting the greater or lesser success with which they conquered the difficulties incidental to monotony of subject and the many restrictions imposed in its treatment. Specially interesting is the chapter on Gian Cristoforo Romano and Andrea Sansovino, with its skilful analysis of the essence of the difference between the plastic art of the first half of the fifteenth and second half of the sixteenth century, but the whole volume is full of suggestion, opening up a field of research that has hitherto been strangely neglected.

The Craftsman's Plant Book. Arranged by Richard G. Hatton, Hon. A.R.C.A. (London: Chapman & Hall). 25s. net. Recognising the enormous fund of material which the vegetable kingdom offers to the decorative designer, Mr. Hatton has with commendable industry explored the old Herbals produced in the sixteenth century, which are famous for the engraved drawings of plants to be found in them, and the result is this compendious volume of nearly 550 pages, containing in all more than a thousand illustrations from these drawings, in addition to a number of others made by himself. The old draughtsmen were careful observers and drew accurately from the living plant. They had not, of course, the needs of designers in view, but notwithstanding their obvious intention

Reviews and Notices

to be literal and naturalistic, there is a certain decorative quality in very many of their drawings which gives them a special interest in the eyes of the designer. It is indeed pleasant to think that though the old herbalists and their lore are no longer of much account in medical practice, the literature in which that lore was enshrined proves to be not wholly useless even in these days of scientific research. Mr. Hatton, who very wisely inculcates the direct study of the living specimen, contributes much useful information about plant morphology and classification, as well as about the old herbals; and the drawings are accompanied by details as to the habits and appearance of the plants figured, which are arranged according to the natural system now usually adopted.

Charterhouse: Old and New. By E. P. Eardley-Wilmot and E. C. Streatfield. With four original Etchings by D. G. Cameron, A.R.S.A. (Stirling: Eneas Mackay). Lim. ed., £2 2s. net. Old Cartusians who have artistic leanings will scarcely find a better memorial of the ter-centenary of the institution which is being celebrated this year than this well-produced portfolio. The letterpress, it is true, is not new, being a condensed edition of a larger work of the same name published some fifteen years ago, but in its 32 folio pages it gives a succinct summary of the history of Charterhouse from its foundation to the present time. The *pièce de résistance* of the publication, however, is the series of four etchings by Mr. Cameron, whose plates are now so much sought after by collectors and connoisseurs. Small though they are—the four together would barely cover a page of this magazine—these dainty prints disclose that rare power of expression by means of the etched line which gives such distinction to Mr. Cameron's work; and especially fine in this respect is the one representing *The Towers of Charterhouse, Godalming*. The etchings have been printed by the firm of Goulding, and each is inserted in an ample O. W. mount which effectively emphasises the preciousness of the print.

Art and Life. By T. STURGE MOORE. (London: Methuen.) 5s. net.—We have read this book very carefully—and it is not in an easy style to read—and we heartily disagree with the whole tenor of it. The author seems to put a ban upon all spontaneity; and yet it is just in this quality we might, if anywhere, find the nature of genius. Carried to its logical conclusion, it seems to us that Mr. Sturge Moore's argument might mean that art is the last thing an artist should be concerned with if the artist is always to abandon all

that he can do for all that he cannot. Those, like Goethe, who have penetrated into the mystery of art, have always found unconsciousness the realm of genius—that consciousness is the struggle for attainment, not attainment itself. If the artist is never to allow himself to rest at the point of attainment and shower his achievement upon the world, his struggles are for himself alone and vain in any other respect. That which sways us, that which is communicated to us in a work of art, is the thrill of the artist's own pleasure. That is the only torch at which outside recognition and enthusiasm are to be lit. If the artist is not to accept the resting point at which he is at home, in which he shows this power and exalts us, his pilgrimage in this life is a prolonged piece of tedious egotism. He is like a flower that would ever postpone its flowering in the hopes of we know not what. We hope we have misunderstood Mr. Sturge Moore, but we would like him to search again, and this time for the unconscious element in genius.

History of Indian and Eastern Architecture. By the late James Fergusson, C.I.E., D.C.L., &c. Revised and edited, with additions, by James Burgess, C.I.E., LL.D., &c., and R. Phené Spiers, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. (London: John Murray). 2 vols., 42s. net. Fergusson's work on Oriental Architecture has always been held in high esteem, but in the interval since its first appearance some thirty years ago, a busy band of explorers have been at work and important material has been gathered together, notably by the Archaeological Surveys organised by the Government of India. Hence the need for a new edition in which account is taken of these investigations. In the original edition that portion of the text which dealt with the architecture of India itself occupied 610 pages, but in the new edition this portion has in the hands of Mr. Burgess grown to 785 pages, while the section on Eastern architecture (embracing Further India, Java, China, and Japan), which has been largely re-written by Mr. Spiers, now takes up 163 pages as against 100, and in both sections a large number of new illustrations in half tone supplement the original woodcuts. Coming as it does at a time when a concerted effort is being made to further the study of Indian art and archaeology, the work as now revised and enlarged should meet with a cordial reception, not only from students, but also from the cultured Anglo-Indian public at large, who have been rather apt to regard with indifference the remarkable creations of the ancient architects and sculptors whose

Reviews and Notices

genius is indelibly stamped on numberless temples and palaces.

Description of Chinese Pottery and Porcelain. Being a translation of the *T'ao Shuo*, with introduction, notes, and bibliography by STEPHEN W. BUSHELL. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press.) 14s. net.—Students and collectors of ancient Chinese pottery and porcelain owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Bushell for his painstaking researches in this field, and that debt is greatly increased by the publication of this conscientious annotated translation of the *T'ao Shuo*, a work written in 1774 by Chu Yen or Chu T'ung-Ch'uan, of Hai-Yen, and giving besides a detailed description of specimens belonging to various dynasties a specially interesting account of the processes of manufacture during the Ming dynasty. The work was apparently compiled from a large number of ancient books, a list of which is given in the bibliography appended by Dr. Bushell to his translation. It has a value to others than collectors, for as one of the Chinese editors of a later edition says in his preface, it may not only be classed as "an official guide for the potter," but may even be ranked as "a useful book on the history of the Reigning Dynasty." "Our successors looking back to the present time may know from the porcelain produced the kind of government, so that it must not be deemed only a subject of research and discussion for scholars of artistic culture."

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack have followed up their two-volume publication, called *Beautiful Flowers and How to Grow them*, by a series of monographs on favourite species of garden plants, both ornamental and esculent, which will be sure to interest all who take a delight in gardening. The series is edited by Mr. Hooper Pearson, Managing Editor of the "Gardeners' Chronicle," and the first two volumes of the series deal respectively with *Sweet Peas* and *Pansies, Violas, and Violets*, the former being written by Mr. H. J. Wright and the latter by Mr. W. Cuthbertson, J.P., and Mr. Pearson. Each volume contains eight coloured plates, and the price, in cloth binding, is 1s. 6d. net. We have also received from Messrs. Jack the first two parts of a new serial work, to be completed in seventeen instalments, entitled *The Book of Decorative Furniture: its Form, Colour, and History*, which proposes to treat comprehensively of interior decorative woodwork from the days of antiquity down to the Sheraton period. The successive parts (2s. 6d. net each) will contain several colour plates in addition to numerous text illustrations.

Early English Glass, by DAISIE WILMER, which comes to us from Mr. Upcott Gill (6s. 6d. net), appears to be in the main a reprint of articles which have been contributed by the author to "The Bazaar," but none the less will be found a very useful handbook for the collector of old glass. The book deals with the productions of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, and among the numerous illustrations many curious and interesting examples are shown. From the same publisher we have received a copy of Mr. Gunn's revised and enlarged edition of Downman's *English Pottery and Porcelain* (6s. 6d. net), containing a compact and well illustrated account of the multitudinous species of pottery and porcelain produced in this country, and many hints to guide the collector in identifying genuine pieces.

Mr. Edmund Hort New has added one more to the series of drawings of Oxford colleges upon which he has been engaged for some time past, and in which he has followed the bird's-eye method adopted by David Loggan in his *Oxonia Illustrata* of 1675. This latest addition shows Wadham College, viewed from the west, and the whole forms a picturesque and accurate presentment of the buildings as they appear in the present year, which marks the tercentenary of its foundation. The drawing has been reproduced in photogravure by Mr. Emery Walker, and is published at 15s. net, the Fine Art Society, of 148, New Bond Street, being the London agents.

As many of our readers indulge in out-door sketching at this time of the year, we would call their attention to a special series of "matt" colours prepared by Messrs. Lefranc & Co., of London and Paris, which on account of their quick-drying properties are especially suitable for use in the open, and can also be used for canvas, silk, and other textile fabrics. Messrs. Lefranc also make a series of colours ground in egg-yolk (Vibert's process), and the excellence of these and the many other varieties of colours made by them has been acknowledged by eminent artists, British and foreign, among others by the eminent French painter, M. Détaillé, for his picture of King Edward VII. presenting colours to the Territorials.

Under the title, *Writings by and about James Abbott McNeill Whistler* (10s. 6d. net), Messrs. Otto Schulze and Co., of Edinburgh, have published a comprehensive bibliography of Whistlerian literature compiled by Don C. Leitz, who in his introduction gives an interesting account of the way in which "*The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*" came to be written and published under that title.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE WAY TO ATTAIN EXCELLENCE.

"EXCELLENCE does not consist in multiplicity of detail, nor in bare simplicity; difficulty is not art, nor is ease," said the Art Critic. "What do you think of that as a statement of æsthetic principles? It is the saying of an ancient Chinese artist, but it seems to me to bear quite appropriately upon our modern practice and to be singularly up to date."

"I do not think much of it," replied the Art Master. "It is one of those vaguely oracular remarks which are supposed by people who know no better to be profound because they are not particularly intelligible."

"You mean that you do not think much of it because you do not understand what it means," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "Now, I feel that it is decidedly illuminating and that it provides much food for thought."

"But what is there in this saying except a bare statement of obvious things?" cried the Art Master. "We all know that there is nothing meritorious in either the exaggeration or the neglect of detail in art work, we are quite sure that a thing is not necessarily good either because it is done with ease or with difficulty; as these are matters of common knowledge, why dig up an ancient saying to prove what no one questions?"

"Do we know all these things?" asked the Critic. "If you judge our knowledge by its results—the only way in which it can be judged—you will find, I think, that we are quite as much in need of a warning as were the particular people to whom long ago this Chinese artist addressed his remarks."

"Surely we have made some progress during the lapse of ages," pleaded the Art Master. "Do you not credit the modern teachers and workers with any shreds of common-sense?"

"Is art ever directed by common-sense?" broke in the Man with the Red Tie. "I should have thought that such a combination was an impossibility."

"No, it is not impossible, but I must admit that it is uncommon," returned the Critic. "And I certainly do not see that during the lapse of years any progress has been made in what I should call the rational recognition of artistic responsibilities. I give all artists credit for aiming at excellence, but how many of them there are even now who evidently believe that it lies in recording a super-

fluity of details, how many more pin their faith to the barest simplicity! See what a number of them waste their energies on things so difficult that they are practically impossible, and what a number of others shirk all difficulties and trust merely to manual facility. Truly, the old Chinaman would find himself absolutely justified by the condition of modern art—no living critic could speak more to the point.

"You may be right," sighed the Art Master; "but I do not see how such a condition of affairs can be altered. The art of any period is simply a reflection of the life of the time, and if that life is dominated by fashions there will be fashions in art too."

"Quite so. But it is just this dominance of fashion that the teacher must combat if he wishes to encourage that rational sense of responsibility for which I am asking," replied the Critic. "Upon him lies the duty of showing to his students the direction in which excellence is to be sought. He must warn them persistently against the tendencies which would lead them out of the right track; he must make them understand the danger of giving way to fashion, and he must force them to realise their obligations."

"Ah, yes! How is he to do that?" cried the Art Master.

"By making them, I take it, realise that in all arts the end arrived at is of greater importance than the means by which it is attained," answered the Critic. "The student cannot learn too early in his career that excellence is only within the reach of the artist who thinks. He must be an efficient craftsman, of course, because he cannot express what is in his mind if he has to struggle against his own executive incapacity, but he must see plainly that the technical devices he learns are only meant to enable him to state convincingly ideas that are valuable because they are personal to himself. He must rid himself of the delusion that the purpose of his work is immaterial so long as it is capable in execution. If his only idea is to show how clever he is, there is no hope that he will ever arrive at excellence. He may achieve notoriety by following the fashion of fussy elaboration or by adopting the affectation of exaggerated simplicity, but he will never rank among the artists who count, because he will always be thinking about himself and not about his art."

"Will you ever induce artists to think about anything but themselves? Ah, I wonder!" laughed the Man with the Red Tie.

THE LAY FIGURE.

Harry Eldredge Goodhue

HARRY ELDREDGE GOODHUE,
WORKER IN STAINED GLASS
BY FREDERICK W. COBURN

THE dedication of the Brown Memorial Window in Emmanuel Church, Newport, R. I., in 1902 proved that there had appeared an able designer in stained glass who understood conformity to the spirit of Gothic architecture as practised in this country. The large window, a mosaic of small bits of brilliant glass, involving many scenes from the life of Jesus, was designed and executed by Harry Eldredge Goodhue, known for the most part up to that time as brother of a distinguished architect, member of a firm which follows the Gothic tradition.

Since 1902 Harry Goodhue has become an important figure in ecclesiastical art in the United States. From the shop near Harvard Square overlooking the ancient burying ground and Cambridge Common has come in the last half decade a series of admirable windows, consonant with the modern Gothic impulse. Among them have been the Corey Memorial, All Saints Church, Brookline, rich and intense in color; a distinctly mosaic window for the First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Ill.; the Peabody Memorial, St. Matthew's Cathedral, Dallas, Tex.; Walker Memorials, St. Mary's Chapel, Walkerville, Ont.; Sprague Memorial, First Presbyterian Church, Pasadena, Cal.; Tuckerman Memorial, Church of the Ascension, Ipswich, Mass.; Church of the Holy Family, Latrobe, Pa.; St. Stephen's Church, Cohasset, Mass.

The commissions for these and many other works have been executed professionally by Mr. Goodhue himself, by his associate, Walter G. Ball, an Englishman, and, so far as the glass painting goes, by craftsmen reared in the English school. Stained glass is a considerable industry in eastern Massachusetts; in no shop of the section are there ordinarily more evidences of activity than in the Goodhue establishment.

Mr. Goodhue's philosophy of art is based, if I understand him correctly, upon voluntary acceptance of limitations which at one time were imposed, without the worker being conscious of their existence, by the very conditions of the craft. The medieval workers in stained glass of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries, circumscribed as to their knowledge of chemistry, of draughtsmanship, of literature and history, produced glorious masterpieces. The possibility and desirability of embracing such of the limitations of medieval art as may be assumed without causing the work to seem absurd



HUNTRESS MEMORIAL WINDOW
CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY
WINCHESTER, MASS.

BY THE HARRY
ELDREDGE
GOODHUE CO.

or inept have, of course, been asserted frequently. Not a little of present-day work in the arts and crafts undertakes to make Twentieth-century ideals conform to Thirteenth-century pattern. And the



WESSON MEMORIAL WINDOW
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

BY THE HARRY
ELDREDGE
GOODHUE CO.

attempt is often by no means unsuccessful, given intelligence, good taste and sanity on the artist's part. Merely to imitate the crudities of draughtsmanship of Thirteenth-century glass or sculpture invites ridicule. The drawing of the figure and its accessories obviously must accord with recognized academic standards. Use, however, of the very simple materials and technical processes employed

by the medieval artists may be of great assistance in arriving at a beautiful result. The case is precisely that of the easel painter who deliberately rejects the possibilities of a palette filled with the products of the color shop in favor of employment of but three standard primary colors. Rightly, from the standpoint, at least, of his own temperamental needs, Mr. Goodhue abstains rigidly from many of the materials and processes used by American contemporaries.

The familiar history of the rise, apogee and decline of the art of stained glass in the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance, unquestionably offers a certain support to the neo-Gothic *parti pris*—this without reference to the broad question of the propriety of the rivalry between Gothic and Renaissance, which to some of us who try to be both catholic and eclectic seems to be amusing rather than necessary.

It must, at all events, be admitted as a historical fact, making due allowance for the magnificence of some of the stained glass work during the Renaissance, that the art of stained glass degenerated steadily during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries, until it became virtually one of the lost arts, and that it was restored to dignity only in the age of Pugin and the Gothic revival in England. It may also be conceded, without comparison working either to the detriment or the glorification of American practices, which have introduced an entirely new note into the art, that under this British impulse, particularly after the first craze for literal imitation of crudities of early draughtsmanship had passed, much very admirable glass has been produced. The potent influence of Burne-Jones and William Morris has lasted down to this day. Contemporary English glass has qualities that entitle it to at least such an esteem as we accord to the best of present-day British painting.

Mr. Goodhue has come to be considered an American representative of the English school of artists in stained glass. His original impulse, it is true, was not insular. He started from severe study of the windows of Chartres and other French cathedrals. His earlier windows lacked the suavity and refinement of line and modeling which has become traditional among the English designers. The constructive genius of the medieval French, their fearlessness, their sense of architectural logic taught valuable lessons during the years of investigation and experimentation prior to the making of the great window at Newport. In this regard Mr. Goodhue showed himself at the outset possessed of the American's ready sympathy, with the Latin enthusiasm for logical style—precisely as our foremost

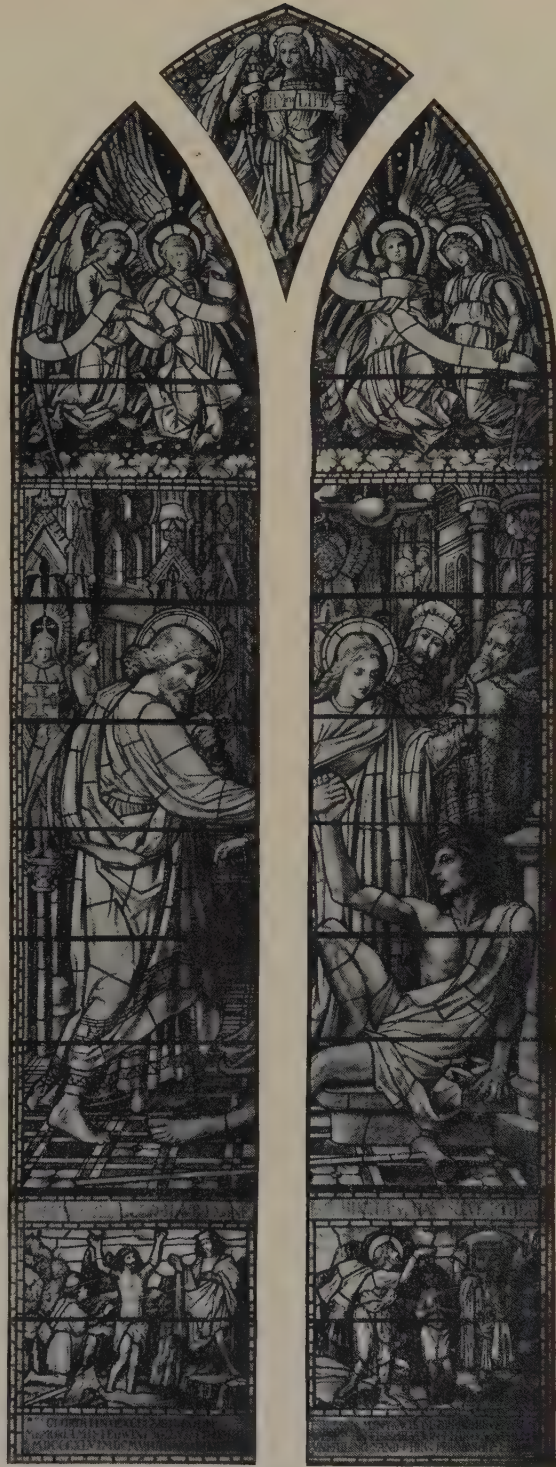
Harry Eldredge Goodhue

literary exponent of the principles of Gothic architecture, Prof. Charles H. Moore, of Harvard University, has always championed the superiority of the French cathedrals over the English cathedrals as regards beauties of construction and ornamentation.

More and more, however, the American architects who are creating an ecclesiastical art based upon Gothic models appear to become sympathetic with their fellow professionals in England. Reproduced and readapted designs of English churches are being embodied in American cities and villages. Whether the Gothic of more southern latitudes would or would not be better adapted to these latitudes is neither here nor there. The circumstance remains. Vestrymen and building committees want English Gothic and they get it.

The glass, too, that goes into the windows of such Gothic churches must, naturally, correspond in design and execution with the architecture. Practical conditions of the craft help on the tendency. The most satisfactory materials and implements used in making a glass window in the Gothic style are purchased in London. If there is a demand for trained assistants these can best be secured from England, the more especially since most of the Germans who have learned the art are devotees of the practice of painting pictures in enamel colors on glass.

These and various other considerations, including the cooperation of Mr. Ball, whose draughtsmanship resembles that of the English artists in its delicacy, have of late sensibly altered the character of work from the Goodhue shop. The technical basis, nevertheless, remains about as it was when Mr. Goodhue first became prominent. Examination of the details of the Brown Memorial Window showed that, like the windows in Thirteenth-century cathedrals, it was essentially a mosaic of small bits of brilliantly colored glass—cut exclusively from sheets of "pot metal," ordinary glass stained throughout by admixture of various oxides and containing little bubbles and accidents of thickness, which make it artistically interesting, or from flashed glass with color on a single side. The pieces of glass were all of the simplest shape possible, in accordance with a limitation which was imposed in the old days, before the invention of the diamond cutter, when lines across the glass were softened somewhat with a red-hot iron and the required pieces laboriously chipped off. Black leadings were used fearlessly, as in all early Gothic work, where the lead was regarded as an essential part of the decorative scheme, making up into an intricate and beautiful network of lines



CARTOON SALLY MEMORIAL
WINDOW, ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH
COLORADO SPRINGS

BY THE HARRY
ELDREDGE
GOODHUE CO.

and enforcing a very proper conventionalization. There was little painting or "shading," in accord-

M. Evergood Blashki

ance with the aim of securing decorative rather than pictorial effect. The blues, greens and reds were intense; tone was obtained not through passages of grisaille or of subdued tints, but through clever interplay of dark against light, of warm against cold—the small individual notes fused into a large color harmony.

The total impression, in brief, of this Newport window is one of the glow and sparkle of a mosaic of jewels, and this has been the unfailing characteristic of the artist's subsequent work. He has sought color through harmony of colors, not tints. He has shunned neutrality. He has developed a quality peculiarly appropriate to the Gothic church with its broken lights, its deep recesses, its low-toned woodwork and stone work. The quality is one which would be less appropriate to the ornamentation of a playhouse, a hotel or a railroad station designed by an architect trained at the Beaux Arts. Its excuse is that the purpose in hand is remarkably well served.

The excellence of Mr. Goodhue's design, both in the large windows and in some of the smaller works shown from time to time at the headquarters of the Society of Arts and Crafts in Boston, conquers any prejudice which a modern with liking for even the elegant banalities of neo-classical art and with distaste for the theological obsessions of some of the participants in "the Gothic quest" may have felt against it before becoming familiar with it. His

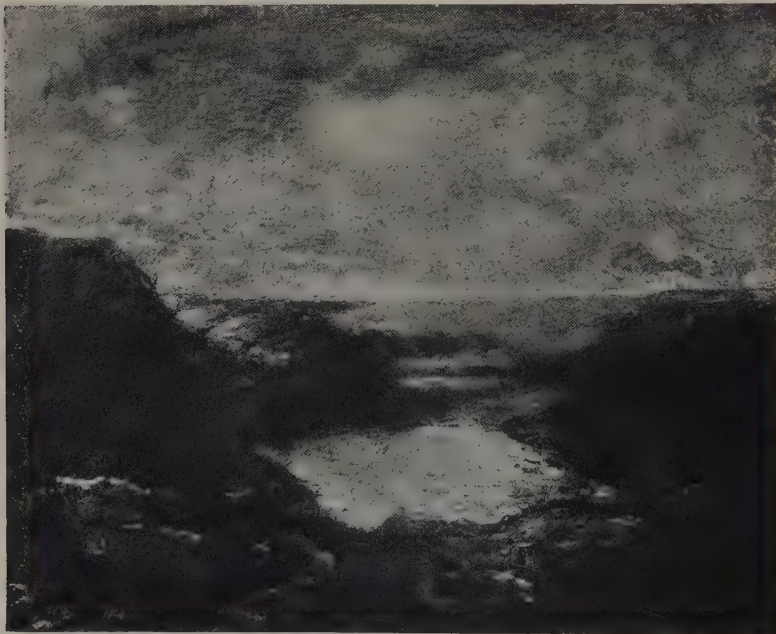
glass does not seem to me to be even open to the objection which many of us prefer, a little hesitatingly, against a good deal of current production in the arts and crafts, that while honest, sincere and simple it lacks evidences of zest and enthusiasm. In Mr. Goodhue's work there is a snap and brilliancy which transcends manner and school and is purely personal. Quite possibly, to paraphrase from Mr. La Farge, his ideals are of a nature to exact the Gothic pattern, but one feels that, despite differences and rivalries, the man who executes beautifully within the prescriptions of this pattern is still not so far away in spirit as possibly he himself imagines from other strong artists of the United States who are painting notable pictures and modeling sculpture which has challenged the admiration of Europe.

M. EVERGOOD BLASHKI
BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

THE fresh, wild tang of nature, which is never "finished and finite," but always pressing on to new forms of energy, is preserved in Mr. Blashki's work. Yet he labors long and earnestly over his pictures, to add depth and atmosphere, and to give them the iridescence of sunlight. But while doing so and using a palette set with the finest nuances of color, he avoids the pitfall of overfinish, as well as that of crudeness. There is no unreadiness, but always promise.

The phase of nature that Mr. Blashki likes to portray is not the unfettered virgin wildness of the Australian plains, where he spent his boyhood and early manhood. Neither is it nature in powder and patches, as in the Old World gardens, nor yet nature with her hair parted in the middle and combed with water, as in our parks. It is, rather, some bit of rugged New England scenery, where mother earth and her children meet in a friendly and neighborly way.

Children out with their berry baskets, playing about the roots of some druidic tree, or leaning against rocks that might



A LAKE

BY M. EVERGOOD BLASHKI

M. Evergood Blashki



Owned by Louis Ettlinger, Esq.

LANDSCAPE

BY M. EVERGOOD BLASHKI

have been hurled by Titans appeal to his temperament. They are not sylph-like creatures with floating draperies. They are just ordinary New England children, probably wearing homespun and hob-nailed shoes, though the artist has resisted the temptation to tell us the fact in so many brush strokes. They will not vanish like sprites of the forest, but will go quietly home to their mothers and measure out the berries they have gathered in their baskets.

In these touches of realism Mr. Blashki shows that he is a modern, producing work that is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Cutting loose from the conventional type of pastoral, he gives us an idyl of our own times, couching the romance of the ages in our own idiom. He might have painted the ploughman bending over his furrow or the housewife feeding her birds, and so have made nature subordinate to a portrayal of the life of the plain people. It is a task for an American Millet, but it is not Mr. Blashki's task. With him it is always morning and springtime. When he paints children in his landscapes it is not as individuals, but as a part of the budding life of nature. Their tender forms nestling against the rocks help the soft green leaves and the sprouting grass to tell us how eternally young is this old earth.

black in their coldness, but edged with lines of new grass, thus conveying the sense of transition from spring to early summer. It brings a feeling of growth and development and of a nature quickened by the life force. The red caps of the children add a vivid note in a color scheme of unusual beauty.

Similar in theme but very different in treatment is *Spring Woods*. It is painted in the pure tints of early spring, the sky a clear blue, the trees covered with the gemlike brightness of leaves just unfolding to the sun. It is full of fresh, delicate feeling. The little descendants of the Puritans that play around the roots of the trees seem caught by the spirit of joy in the air and gambol with a more elfin lightness. Again the artist has resisted the temptation to overfinish his foreground, and the suggestive treatment of rocks and vegetation is skillfully used to enhance the bright spontaneity of the whole.

Something of a departure from his usual style is *Jagged Island, Maine*, a wild, massive jumble of rocks, with the quiet of ages over them. There is no sign of life, except the birds circling with outspread wings around the highest peaks. It might easily have been a gloomy picture, but there is something in the bold, vigorous handling of the rocks and in the opalescent quality of the pale gray sky that gives it the joyous, vibrant note peculiar to Mr.

A characteristic Blashki idyl is *The Dogwood Tree*. The cool, deep blue of the sky softens near the horizon into a lambent, atmospheric yellow, seen only on warm, clear summer days. The white blossoms of the tree, faintly tipped with pink, are of such feathery lightness that they seem wafted on the summer air. But for the dark, firmly drawn boughs of the tree they would be a part of the cloud world, blending in with the tiny specks of vapor floating against the sky. The shadows of the boulders are blue-

M. Evergood Blashki

Blashki's work. He has managed to convey the sense of immensity without the conventional device of a distance, a middle distance and a hazy, shimmering horizon. The rocks of the foreground cut right into the low sky line, yet there is a sense of vast stretches.

The same is true of several smaller upland pictures, where the sense of space is conveyed by some arrangement of the planes without resort to the graded distances. The touch of human nearness is often given by some sign of man's work, such as a few piled-up rocks or an old fence.

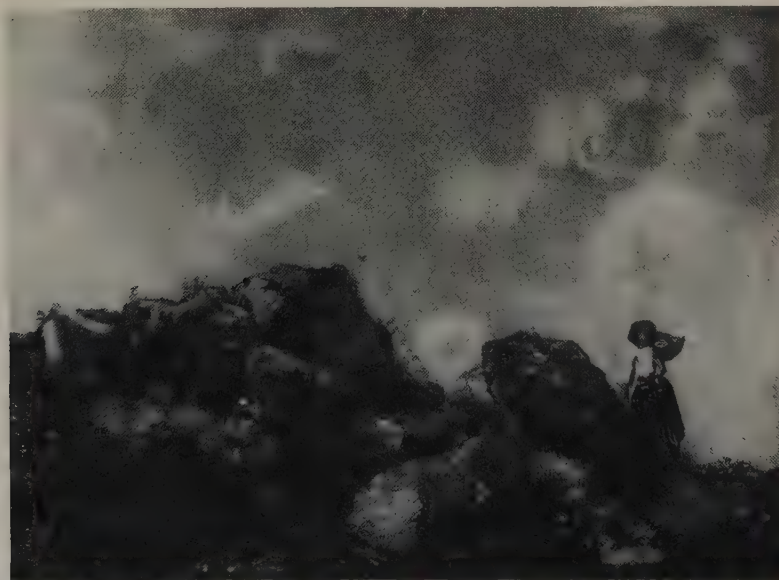
In *A Lake* the artist has given his love of color full play. He has also shown that he can paint hazy, shimmering distances when he chooses. The picture defines the outline of a small lake set between rounded hills, with a brook trailing from it through a ravine. Over these simple masses of form the

slanting rays of the sun play through the mist like a dance of the seven veils, sometimes flashing a gleam of blood red, sometimes throwing a pall of gray and again gliding through a thousand subtle gradations of color.

Mr. Blashki has learned to know nature in the free outdoor life of Australia, where he grew up. He was educated in a public school of the English type. He came from Australia to San Francisco ten years ago and worked for the newspapers in that city. In about a year he decided that if he was to do what he considered his real work he must cut loose from the daily tasks of the office. He then went to New York and threw himself with all his strength into the task of painting.



A CHARACTERISTIC PAINTING BY CHARLES EBERT, ONE OF THE YOUNGER MEN WHOSE WORK HAS BEEN ATTRACTING ATTENTION



Owned by Howard de Forest, Esq.
THE ROCKY HILLTOP

BY M. EVERGOOD BLASHKI



WINTER LANDSCAPE
BY CHARLES EBERT

Germantown Cricket Club

A PICTURESQUE SPOT AT THE GERMANTOWN CRICKET CLUB BY MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN

ABOUT the middle of the fifteenth century the Italian Renaissance brought the formal garden into England, and from that time many varieties became popular, until they resulted in the English tea gardens, which were so frequently copied by our colonial ancestors when gardens were being coaxed into existence in the wild and uncultivated lands of New England.

The formal garden belonging to the ladies' club house in the grounds of the Germantown Cricket Club is a copy of one of these old English tea gardens, and was carried out by a club committee without the aid of an architect. The main grounds were laid out and the club houses designed by Kim, Meade & White, of New York, but the garden was an afterthought, and was given to the club by its lady members.

The cricket ground is noted for its beautiful iron gates and high brick walls, broken at intervals by iron railings. This idea was carried out in miniature for the enclosure of the formal garden, which is half hidden by a luxuriant curtain of vines and blossoms. Inside this wall lies a bordering hedge,

screened by tall hollyhocks and brilliant-colored iris. At the lower end of the garden a row of Lombardy poplars make a beautiful background and serve to hide the stables.

A tiled pavement leads from the ladies' club house to the garden, which is reached by means of a short flight of stone steps. In the center of a sunken space is a picturesque sundial. All around the grassy plot in which the sundial is set lie formal beds of blooming plants, which are changed as the season advances, so that most of the year the garden is brilliant with the blaze of Old World flowers.

On entering the garden a pergola is found on the right, almost covered with red rambler roses, which are trained on trellises planted between the supporting columns. The colonial furniture is copied from that of Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia—an old building still in good preservation, where the First Continental Congress met in 1774. Variety in the designs of the furniture has been obtained by having some of the seats made in half circles, and yet carried out in the same design as the straight, high-backed settles. These are placed in rounded recesses, which form part of the uneven wall that surrounds the garden. Partly screening each seat is a well-trimmed shrub.

The garden is laid out in circles, crescents, trian-



GARDEN

GERMANTOWN CRICKET CLUB

Germantown Cricket Club



GARDEN

GERMANTOWN CRICKET CLUB

gles and other formal designs, which are separated by gravel walks. The plants selected are of a hardy nature, that do not entail a great deal of care. Roses are everywhere—so much so that the garden is often spoken of as the “rose garden”—the delicious scent of which is wafted out to the passer-by. The crowding abundance of leaf, bud and blossom is part of the charm of this exquisite garden. The intermingling of flowers with herbs and the delicate perfume of great clumps of lilies-of-the-valley appeal to the senses. From early spring to late autumn the garden is ablaze with flowers, beginning with the early crocuses and daffodils. Such old-fashioned plants as sweet williams, phlox, snapdragon and hollyhocks are found here in rich profusion. Morning glory partly covers the enclosure, ringing its changes of white, pink, purple and delicate mauve flowers. It is a swift grower and copious bloomer, but it is not allowed to hide the architectural details which are the chief charm of this exquisite little tea garden.

THE first annual convention of the American Federation of Arts, says *Art and Progress* for July, was held in Washington on the 17th, 18th and 19th of May. Delegates from about one hundred affiliated organizations were in attendance. The terri-

tory covered by representation was nation wide, extending from San Francisco to Boston and from Chicago to New Orleans. With but few exceptions the programme was carried out as announced, only three of the promised speakers disappointing, and their places being supplied. Indeed, the programme was so full that little time was available for open discussion; too little, perhaps, though opportunity for the exchange of opinion was given at the receptions tendered the delegates on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Parsons and the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, respectively. From first to last a spirit of unanimity and harmony characterized the meetings, and notable, likewise, was the catholicity of the interest displayed. Whether the subject under discussion concerned the arts and crafts, a problem of education or a matter of civic art, it received equal attention from all. There was, perhaps, nothing very radical in the addresses delivered, nothing that would have been likely to have induced heated argument, but facts were faced squarely and many thoughtful suggestions made. The value of such a convention cannot, however, be estimated by the programme alone. The assemblage of such a body is in itself a stimulus. Direct contact with others of like interests is bound to strengthen endeavor.

Miniatures by Miss Hills

THE MINIATURES OF MISS LAURA HILLS
BY FRANCES DUNCAN

FROM her first exhibition of miniatures, the work of Laura Coombs Hills has always been peculiarly interesting and refreshingly individual.

Miss Hills was born in the old seaport town of Newburyport; her academic training was exceedingly slight—some work during three winters in the studio of Miss Helen M. Knowlton, in Boston, three months in New York at the Art Students' League, where she was in the portrait class of William M. Chase, and two months at the Cowles Art School. She was never taught miniature painting—it is interesting, almost amusing, to note that of our miniaturists those whose work is of the most enduring worth were never "taught" that particular form of art.

Some fourteen years ago miniature painting occupied a small and not very brilliantly lighted corner in the field of American art. The only miniaturists of note were Mr. Baer, now president of the American Society of Miniature Painters, and Mr. Josephi. The miniature was still the miniature of tradition, a detailed, polished little painting; in fact, so carefully polished as almost to shine. For with the miniature, as happens with other forms of art when in need of a revival, the form of the earlier masters was followed without their vitality, the mold without their breath of life. Instead of using their footprints on the sands of time simply to indicate the direction, artists were still carefully and laboriously stepping in the marks.

It was at this time, at a slender exhibition of miniatures, that Laura Hills made her first appearance, exhibiting a little group, the portraits of *Seven Pretty Girls of Newburyport*. Into the heavy atmosphere of correct, conven-

tional miniature painting the entrance of these little ivories, warm and aglow with life and color, fresh and new in their viewpoint, sincere with an almost naive sincerity, was like a breath of fresh air in an overheated drawing room or the wind on the dry bones of Ezekiel's vision.

Since then miniature painting has won for itself a very definite place in American art. There are the few who are doing beautiful and enduring work—for the past dozen years have brought to the front such artists as Mrs. Fuller, Miss Alice Beckington, the late Theodora Thayer, whose work was marvelously full of character and charm; there are also the many who follow in their train at a greater or less distance, for the wide-flung doors of the miniature exhibitions seem almost as catholic in their welcome to newcomers as those of Ellis Island. But one can always turn to Miss Hills's work with



THE BUTTERFLY GIRL

BY LAURA COOMBS HILLS

Miniatures by Miss Hills



PORTRAIT

BY MISS HILLS

has something to do with this delightful quality in her color.

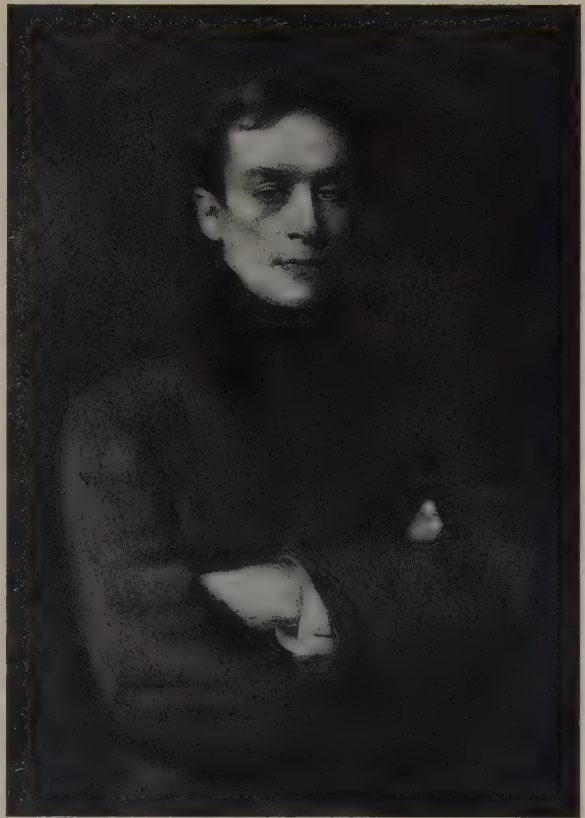
Her backgrounds show astonishing inventiveness and resourcefulness, and the relation of the sitter to the background is a thing which from her receives evidently very careful study; and yet, original and daring as she often is here, she never gives one the impression of being intentionally unusual; daring effects in color are never used for the sake of astonishing folk, but to accomplish a definite artistic purpose. Take, for instance, her well-known *Flame Girl*—the intense background brings out the cold, pure color of the face with an almost dramatic value very effective, but few artists would have thought of it, which is one reason why this miniature attracted so much attention, though I doubt if Miss Hills herself considered it very unusual; to her it was a most natural thing to do. There is always a refreshing variety in her composition. It is a far cry from the *Butterfly Girl*, a thing of an exquisite, light and filmy delicacy—of “wingy mysteries,” Sir Thomas Browne would say—to the portrait of *Persis Blair*, in which even the background echoes the

a sense of positive refreshment. Her painting has, of course, become more varied, more subtle, wider in its scope, but, although having gained in depth and vigor, her work has never lost its unhesitating directness, its delightful spontaneity.

Miss Hills is a born miniaturist. Her portraits are not large portraits done small, but essentially miniatures; they have that exquisite jewel-like quality peculiar to the miniature in the hands of the few masters of this exquisite and lovely art, the quality which will always make miniature painting a thing apart. Also, she has a wonderful sense of scale; her miniatures could neither be smaller nor larger without missing some of their point, losing something of their perfectness.

In her painting she always gives one the impression of knowing precisely what she wants to do and doing it with ease and sureness; of having something to say in art and saying it with force and certainty.

There is nothing of feminine timidity, never any mere prettiness; her work is strong, vital, large (except in actual inches) and never monotonous; in fact, in Miss Hills one expects the unexpected. Her color is peculiarly fresh and clear, and pure in tone; never does it look worried out of its integrity by a changing purpose in the artist. It is probable that the rapidity with which she works, the comfortable faculty of knowing exactly what she wishes to do,



PORTRAIT OF
MR. ARTHUR HARLOW

BY MISS HILLS

Miniatures by Miss Hills



THE FIRE OPAL

BY LAURA COOMBS HILLS

quaint seriousness of the wholly delightful child figure.

It is this originality in scheme and composition, this almost dramatic instinct, which has made her work as a painter of portraits less noticed, perhaps, than for its decorative beauty. That is, the expression of her own personality has interested folk more than her ability to express the personality of another, which is a different thing. In fact, this imaginative quality frequently gets the upper hand in her painting and her intention seems to find what decorative thing she can make out of her sitter, rather than to discover what manner of person he is and body this forth on the ivory; to fit him, or more likely her, into a preconceived color scheme rather than to fit her scheme to the personality of her sitter. This is more noticeable in the later work than in the earlier; at all events, one sometimes wishes she would take

out the artist's license and paint a purely imaginative thing—Lamia, or Isabella with her pot of basil, or Puck on a dragon fly, and then, having satisfied her decorative instinct, paint a portrait pure and simple. For Miss Hills can paint portraits. Her miniature of *Alice Brown* is full of insight and penetration. The portrait of *Mr. Arthur Harlow* has all the breadth and dignity of a large portrait with the charm peculiar to the miniature. There is the charming little head of *Dorothy S.*, frank and altogether lovely; the miniature of *Miss S.*, and the portrait of little *Miss Hale* of the last exhibition is as wholly delightful a child portrait as one could ask.

For in Miss Hills there is that uncompromising truthfulness of the New Englander, although her interest in texture, in color and in composition makes this not always prominent; none the less it is an underlying quality and again and again comes out strongly in her portraits.

Miss Hills was the first miniature painter elected to the Society of American Artists.



DOROTHY

BY MISS HILLS

Prehistoric Pottery of Costa Rica



CENTRAL AMERICAN POTTERY.

FROM NICOYA

THE PREHISTORIC POTTERY OF COSTA RICA BY ANNE HEARD DYER

TO BEGIN with the end of the matter, Costa Rica has one of the finest pottery museums in the world. That seems a strange thing to say of a little country that—to speak metaphorically—could be put into one of New York's pockets. The entire figure of Costa Rica's population, including negroes, Indians, Spanish and a scant sprinkling of English, Germans and Americans, may be placed at three hundred thousand. That of San José, the capital and chief city, at fifteen thousand.

The pottery of to-day is the revival of the most ancient of the arts. I say arts advisedly, as at a recent convention pottery was for the first time admitted to the rank of the fine arts, where, indeed, it truly belongs. But even more truly does the pottery of ancient, prehistoric times demand a position of dignity and reverence. Crude as much of it may be we behold in it the first almost formless gropings of the human mind after beauty of form and design. Its use, as we all know, was in the beginning strictly that of utility. Its earliest form was probably that of a clay dish to cook and to hold food, and it is not improbable that women were the inventors of this oldest of all the arts.

At the "Museo Nacional" of San José, a low, adobe, tiled building, tucked away around the corner from the sumptuous marble national theater, the interested visitor, if he happens to be a bit of an antiquary, may discover treasures undreamed of

in his philosophy. One of the wonders of this time is that it enable us to unfold the pages of the past. And in these low, well-lighted rooms a marvelous past is outspread for him who runs to read.

From the long-forgotten graves of forgotten dead tribes of Indians comes forth a whole buried civilization. His household gods, his implements of war and the hunt, his sacred treasures, his articles of daily use—all the things he loved and lived with—silently reconstruct that outworn phase of life into a picture of living reality.

Such resurrections of the buried ages are no uncommon thing in this era of research and discovery. Some one has recently said that "a time may easily come when we shall see the great outburst of science in the nineteenth century as something quite as splendid, brief, unique and ultimately abandoned as the outburst of art at the Renaissance." And so it may even be that some hundreds of years hence this period of civilization may be reconstructed by the evidences of a science the principles of which are utterly forgotten, and the telephone, the wireless and many other adjuncts of our age may constitute the basis for the fairy tales of a far-off posterity. At any rate, however that may be, it seems strange that side by side with this remarkable pottery of a dead and gone time exists the Costa Rican pottery of to-day, in its crudest and most elementary forms. In the crowded market place (Mercado) of San José the pottery stalls are among the first to strike the eye, with their glowing terra cottas. Eagerly one approaches, expecting to find some curious and interesting wares in this product of the native In-

Prehistoric Pottery of Costa Rica

dian, but with disappointment it must be acknowledged that there is really nothing worth even the few cents asked for it. The rude shapes of bowls and jars are monotonously repeated, with almost no attempt at ornamentation or variety. Yet only a few blocks away, free for all to see, are thousands of beautiful shapes, with an almost endless variety of design and individual treatment.

Senor Alfaro, the director of the museum, will tell you in his polite and correct English phrases that this Museo is only ten years old, and that twenty years ago Costa Rica was considered very uninteresting from an archeological point of view. Then only a few of the simplest specimens were known—small tripods in red and yellow clay, an occasional rudimentary figure in stone, metates, grindstones, similar to those used at the present day. It was in building the railroad from Port Limon to San José—a herculean undertaking—that specimens began to be unearthed in large numbers, and a gardener was the first to make a collection of these fragments. Bishop Thiel, the bishop of Costa

Rica, was the first collector of note. About the same time a rich merchant of Catago, Ramon Troya, began to make his great collection, the major part of which was obtained from Agua Caliente (Hot Springs), a spot about two miles from Catago.

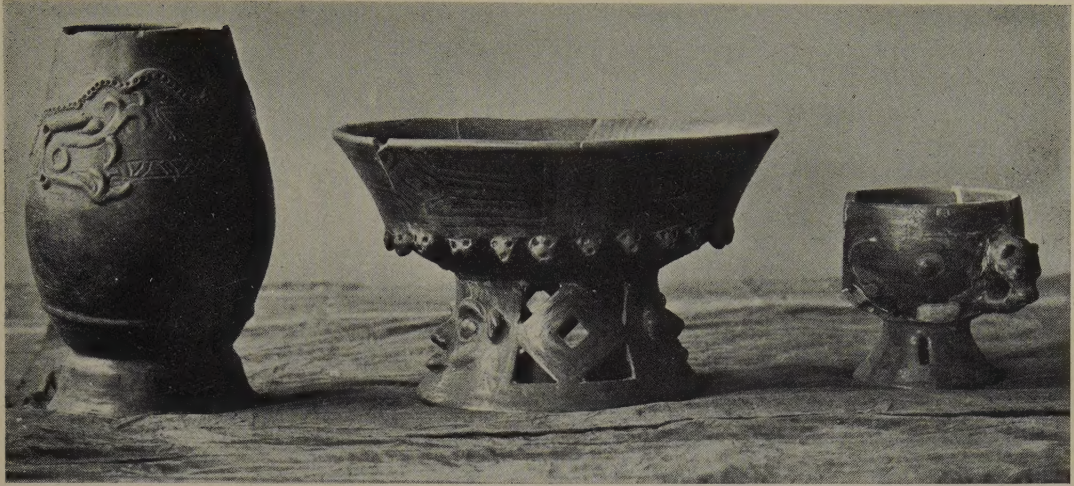
The process of collecting this pottery differs somewhat from that used in excavating Indian mounds or shell heaps. In Central America mounds are unknown, and in the interior shell heaps equally so, but graves abound. These are easily recognized by the rude circle of stones marking them, and, being shallow, from two to five feet in depth, the wonder is that they were not discovered long ago. These graves are for the most part about three feet in depth and five and one-half feet in length. The sides and top are lined with stones, and the body apparently was placed with the head toward the east. About the head the more precious articles were placed, such as beads and images in gold, the earthenware pottery being usually found at the feet. The exact age of these graves it is im-



POTTERY FROM TURRIALBA
CATAGO AND NICOYA

NATIONAL MUSEUM
SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA

Prehistoric Pottery of Costa Rica



CENTRAL AMERICAN POTTERY

FROM NICOYA

possible to determine, but their date must be far prior to the conquest of America, as at that time all traces of these tribes had disappeared, probably by reason of emigration.

On Senor Troya's enormous coffee hacienda at Agua Caliente an ancient Indian cemetery, covering about forty acres, was found, and from this he excavated some three thousand specimens of clay, stone and gold, among them very few duplicates: one hundred and forty pieces of gold, representing deities, lions, dragons, many frogs, little bells and various small, curious objects—the frog, being supposedly the god of rain, is very often represented; some four hundred pieces of stone, among which the most valuable and interesting object was the sacrificial stone, a solid piece measuring about seventy-four inches in height by twenty-six in width, not very thick, slightly concave, and with five figures carved on the top, three human figures and two eagles. This remarkable specimen was unfortunately broken while being returned from some recent exposition where it was on exhibition. The remainder of the collection was chiefly composed of pottery.

The twelve thousand or more specimens in the Museo Nacional have been collected and arranged by Senor Anastasio Alfaro within the past twenty years. This collection saw its first small beginning in a room at the University in 1887, but so prodigiously did it grow that within ten years a museum had to be built to hold it, and still there are thousands of pieces as yet unclassified. All the specimens were obtained from the graves of four tribes of Indians—the Guetares, inhabiting the central part of the country; the Chorotegas, inhab-

iting the Pacific Coast, especially about Nicoya; the Curubicies, in the Southwest, and the Bribries, at Talamanca. Many of the finer specimens came from Nicoya, near San José.

The specimens in gold are held to be the most precious, and next, those in stone. There are certain stone stools or seats, cut from the solid block, which were presumably used by the chief priest in performing some religious ceremonies. One of these represents a bird of the owl species, holding in its beak the figure of a man. This is supposed to be a symbol of creation, the bird representing the primal power which placed man upon the surface of the earth. It is one of the most remarkable specimens of the collection, being 80 centimetres in height. Other objects in stone represent heads of animals, grinding stones for maize, axes, vases, ornaments of jade or nephrite. But the most numerous specimens are those in burnt clay. They represent the industry of the potter—burial urns from one to two and one-half feet high (one of which was found to contain bones), vases in terra cotta, earthenware flutes and whistles, drums, blow pipes, staffs used by the chiefs, utensils for lighting fire, chisels, spoons (both in stone and clay, the handle very short and always representing the head of an animal), maces, war clubs, polishers and smoothers in shaping the clay, made to fit the hand. There are also jars, plates, bowls, rings, bells, flower holders, nearly all displaying designs upon the surface in low relief or engraved upon the clay; a few are painted in different colors.

After seeing all these treasures outspread before one the next step, not unnaturally, was the desire to see how these things were obtained; in other words,

Prehistoric Pottery of Costa Rica

to be actually present at the opening of one of these hoary sepulchres, and, after certain preliminaries, it was so arranged for us by the courtesy of the Spanish minister, Don Louis Anderson. Two days after Christmas saw our little party boarding the train for Catago, in the heyday of a Costa Rican spring.

Nothing imaginable could be lovelier than the riot of color, perfume, bird music and the fragrant mountain air of that hour's ride. Embankments of the "terrestrial" orchid trailed a swift crimson glory across our delighted vision, interspersed with the white drifts of wild-rose hedges. Flowers seem to bloom without reference to season in Costa Rica, and the orchid, the rose, the morning glory, the violet and a thousand other blossoming things mingle their fragrances in one tide of mounting heady perfume. But at length our destination is reached, and we dismount in quaint old Catago, a little city of seven thousand inhabitants. San José, with its theaters, museums, street railways and hotels, belongs to to-day, but Catago, veiled in mist and antiquity, belongs to the infinite yesterday of things that are past. A horseback ride of three miles brought us to the famous Troya hacienda, where we dismounted. We were taken first to the grave of a great chieftain marked by a large stone, on which is cut with some skill a head in relief; in character it is not unlike some of the early Egyptian work in stone. This grave had been opened long since, no doubt, and had probably yielded up rich treasures. We were then conducted some yards further into a banana grove, dripping with moisture from previous weeks of rain, the soil spongy under foot; here we found three men opening up a grave with pickax, shovel, etc. Already a stone hatchet had been unearthed, a very fine specimen. The workmen shoveled rap-

idly until they reached the stones lining the grave, then more slowly, using the knife to scrape out the sides and crevices, and pausing to break up the clods of earth that might conceal any treasure. Two molar teeth in a fair state of preservation and several bits of skull crumbling to a fine powder came to view first, followed by a number of broken bits of pottery, two spoons with the short animal head, and a perfectly modeled clay hand and wrist; nothing of any real importance, however, except a few fine beads. The spoils of the search were ours, and we felt rich, indeed, in our possessions, comparatively worthless though they were. A. H. D.

THE Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters announce that under their joint management the ninth annual exhibition of the society will be held in the galleries of the Academy, Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, from November 12 to December 11, inclusive. An invitation has been received from R. C. and N. M. Vose, Boston, to exhibit in their galleries such miniatures from the Academy's exhibition as may be sent them.



NICOYAN TYPES

FROM PACIFIC SLOPE AND
CARTAGO, AGUA CALIENTE



"PRINTS" (1903), FROM THE OIL
PAINTING BY W. W. RUSSELL.